A Chronicle of Early Childhood and Youth

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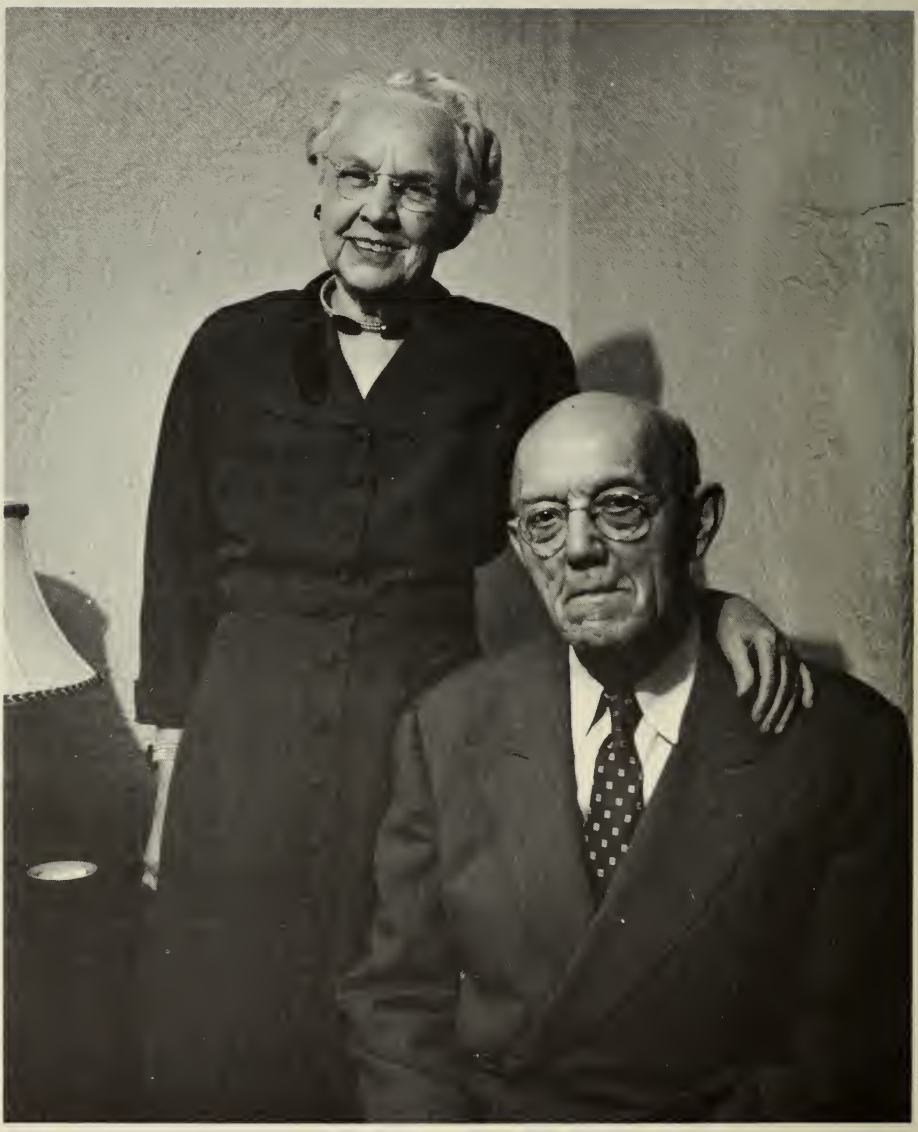
CARL L. MILLER

1965



Dad and Mother pictured on their 55th Wedding Anniversary in 1952.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation and thanks to the following people:

To my sister Lois Wienecke, for the hours upon hours of time and thought devoted to compiling a most excellent, documented genealogy chart, therein tracing several branches of our family back to the Revolutionary War period.

To my brother Perry Hays Miller and his staff for their invaluable assistance in editing and printing the "Chronicle".

To my lovely wife Mary, for her tolerance and good natured forbearance during the time I was writing the "Chronicle".

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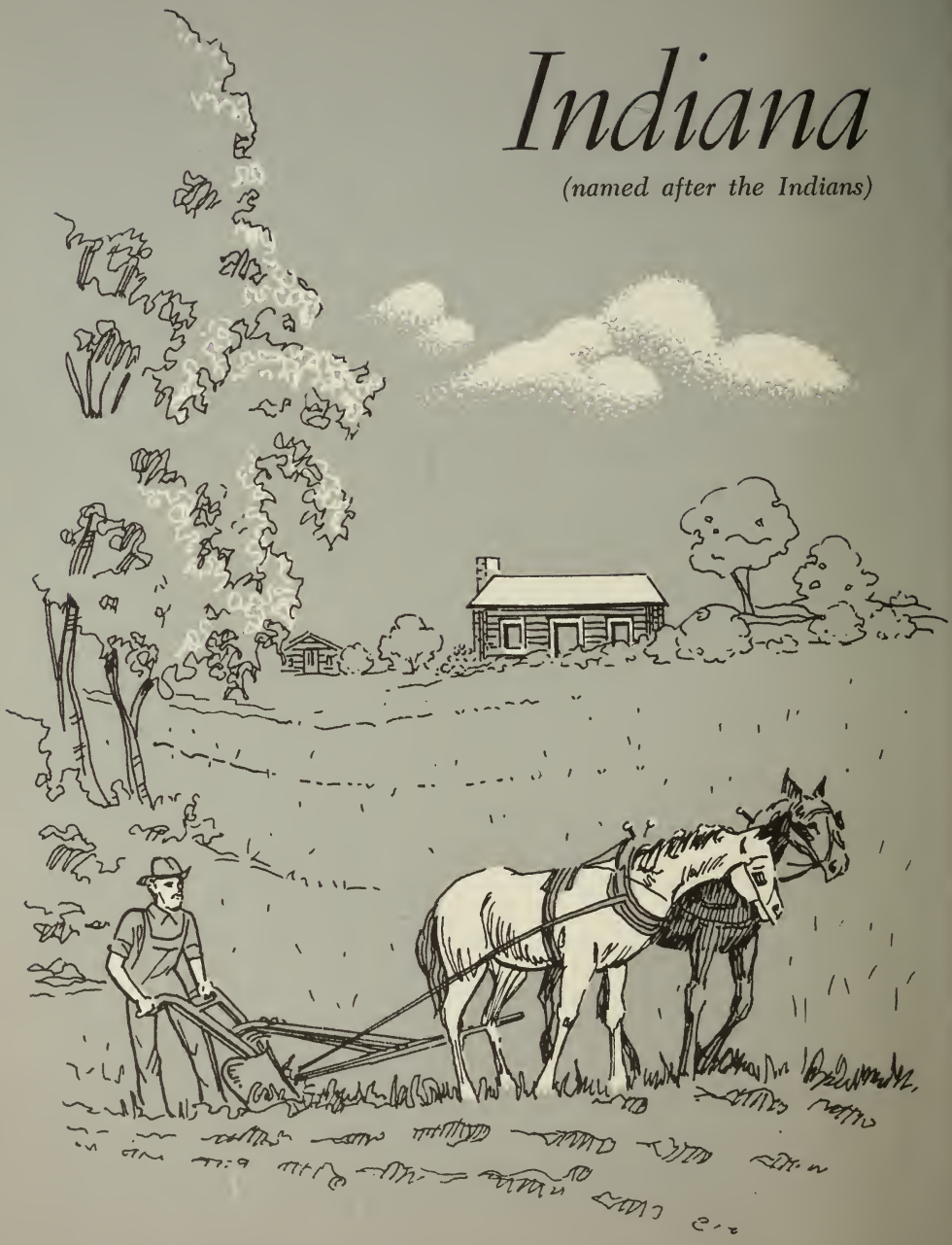
Illustrations by Albert T. Kenyon

Family pictured in 1952 upon occasion of Dad and Mother's 55th Wedding Anniversary.

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DAD AND MOTHER

Indiana

(named after the Indians)



Zadock and Rebecca (Withrow) Richards moved to Jackson County, Indiana, from Washington County, Kentucky in 1817, just five years after statehood was granted by President James Madison. They settled on a farm in the Pleasant Grove community near Brownstown. These people were my Great, Great Maternal Grandparents. James Carroll Richards, their son and my Great Grandfather, was two years old at the time of the move. On October 27, 1840, James Carroll Richards, farmer, hunter and trapper, married Amelia Durham, a native of North Carolina. They settled upon and improved a farm, there building a two-room log cabin and other out-buildings. In later years a large two-room addition was added to the log cabin and connected thereto by a breezeway or porch. The lumber for this addition was cut from a large walnut grove on the farm, sawed and milled at a nearby sawmill and used almost exclusively in its construction.

It was in this old house that Grandmother Sarah Ellen was born on December 21, 1845; Mother on July 25, 1873; I on August 15, 1899 and sister Lois on June 1, 1901. This durable old structure, so full of family memories and the history of pioneer days, withstood the ravages of time and the elements for many, many years, until it was finally torn down in the nineteen twenties.

James Carroll Richards gave a five-acre tract of land from one corner of his farm to the community, for use as a site on which to build a combination school and church. It was in this quaint little building that both Mother and Grandmother attended school, Sunday school and church. I recall visiting this old school and church about 1935 at which time it was in use and good repair.

I was named Carroll Leslie after Great Grandfather James Carroll but somehow over the years the name was shortened to Carl. I have a very faint memory of this fine old gentleman, namely of a very old man, white haired and with a long white beard, puttering in his garden, tending his numerous beehives and reading his Bible by the aid of a kerosene lamp beside the old stone fireplace. He died on March 4, 1901 and is buried nearby in the Pleasant Grove cemetery.

From time to time much talk was heard of the wonderful opportunities that awaited young people who would move to the Territory of Arizona. So, about 1903, Dad and Mother decided that Arizona it would be. An auction sale was held to dispose of all the farm implements, livestock, furniture and other possessions, preparatory to moving.

Arizona

(an Indian word, meaning few springs)

Upon arriving in Arizona we settled on a farm about seven miles from the city of Phoenix. This farm was, like all the land nearby, desert land and constant irrigation was a prime necessity for the success of any crop planted.

My memory of the Phoenix farm seems to consist of a number of small incidents and not too many of those: the shimmering of a heat wave mirage in the desert distance; perhaps a cool green pool with trees and shrubs surrounding it; the Indian (basket woven) water jar that hung on the branch of a tree in our yard and which, by reason of the basket type weave, caused evaporation, keeping the water in the jar pleasantly cool. Since there was no ice to be had, Dad built a "rancher's ice box", which was simply a large wooden frame covered with burlap sacking with four five-gallon kerosene cans sitting on top. Fine holes were punched in the can bottoms to allow the water to dribble down over the burlap covering and, as with the water jar, evaporation would keep the box sufficiently cool to preserve for several days the milk, butter, eggs and fresh vegetables kept therein.

There was also, quite near the house, the irrigation canal, from which each rancher received his allotment of water for his land. Most of the ranchers preferred to irrigate at night, to escape the searing daytime heat and to reduce the loss of water by evaporation.

I recall on one occasion while watching Dad plow at night, a pack of coyotes that were following him closely, just out of range of his whip. The coyotes would stop suddenly, point their noses to the sky and each would howl in his own individual key. These same coyotes would each night prowl the chicken yard, cleaning up any leftover food or garbage thrown to the chickens. They would also clean up the chickens if given half a chance!

Coyotes

I don't ever recall seeing Dad hit a coyote, although he shot at them many times but they seemed to be always a little out of gunshot range, or at least that was Dad's explanation.

Early one morning there was a great commotion in the chicken house. A coyote had, by some means, gained entrance and the chickens and feathers were flying in every direction. Dad quickly grabbed his Winchester and took careful aim at the fleeing animal by resting the gun on the top

of a fence post. At every firing of the gun the coyote would jump to the left or to the right but continued to keep running until he was safely out of sight.

William Hackendorf, a well educated school teacher from Jackson County, Indiana, and a long-time friend of the family, had, some time previous to our arrival in Arizona, moved to Phoenix and was then Principal of an Indian Reservation School for that area. None of the family had as yet seen Mr. Hackendorf after his move to Phoenix, until one morning he arrived at our farm, riding a mule and looking for an Indian boy who had run away from school. After a visit, lunch and an exchange of news, Mr. Hackendorf departed and as far as I can recall that was the last time we saw him until after we moved to Tulsa, where he was then, and continued to be until his retirement, the Principal of Riverside School. The Hackendorf family lived in Tulsa, on ground now occupied by the Skelly Stadium. During one visit to their home, Mrs. Hackendorf gave me an old setting hen and a nest full of eggs, from which ten baby chicks were successfully hatched. Two of the chicks as well as the mother hen were killed by a rat or weasel not long after the chicks were hatched.

In school Mr. Hackendorf was a strict disciplinarian, sparing not the rod, but loved by students and friends alike. He was recognized as an educator of unusual ability and foresight.

Uncle Dave

Uncle Dave Miller, Dad's youngest brother, came to live with us for a while and to help with the farm work. Uncle Dave was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, having gone, on his way to Cuba, as far as New Orleans, where he was immobilized by typhoid fever and later sent home. Mother tells of the time that Uncle Dave came riding home, his horse at a dead run, and quickly explained that he had sold a horse to a man in Phoenix, representing to the man that the horse was a nice gentle animal, well suited for a driving horse for his wife. Well, the first time that the man's wife tried to drive the horse, it ran away with her, wrecked the buggy but did not injure her. Uncle Dave shouted the man was coming after him and he was sure he was going to kill him. Dad asked Uncle Dave for the money he had received for the horse, stopped in the kitchen to pick up the butcher knife and went out to the front gate to wait for the man from Phoenix. Upon the man's arrival and after some conversation, the horse and the money were returned to the original owners, damages were agreed on and the parting was friendly.

The crops Dad had planted earlier were a complete failure, due in part to a lack of experience in desert farming and to a shortage of irrigation water. The decision was made then and there to move north to Yavapai

County, away from the desert heat and into the high foothills area near the town of Cottonwood, in the Verde Valley. The farm we rented was owned by the VanDeran family who lived nearby and operated the cattle ranching part of the business.

As soon as the decision to move had been agreed on, we loaded all our earthly possessions aboard a covered wagon, hitched up the span of mules, gathered up the kids and headed north.

Traveling First Class

I remember many of the incidents that occurred on this overland trip. The rocking chair was tied to the outside front, near the seat. It was this chair that saved Dad from pitching from the wagon seat and over the side and down a deep mountain gorge, when the wagon suddenly lurched, after hitting a rock or hole. The miles I walked along behind the wagon, taking the opportunity to investigate everything that crawled or moved and, Heaven knows, the number of crawling, moving things in that area was beyond the imagination. The stone-bruises, cut and stubbed toes I acquired while plodding along this rough, rocky road were both painful and numerous. At one place I stepped on a prickly pear cactus, covered as usual with many small fish-hook stickers. It seemed as if it took forever for Dad to dig all of those little stickers out of my foot with his pocket knife.

The day we left Phoenix, a family driving a fine team of horses and pulling a covered wagon very similar to our own, passed us by with a wave, thinking perhaps, that we were one outfit they would not have to waste time helping up the steep mountain grades. Well, the next time we saw this family was when we came to the bottom of the first really steep grade. There they were, their team making no concerted effort to pull the hill. Dad unhooked our mules and hitched onto the tongue of their wagon, and proceeded to pull them up the hill with little effort on the part of our mules. He then returned to our wagon, hitched up and pulled the hill with our mules alone and I am sure that he was enjoying every minute of it. Dad had always liked to work mules as compared to horses and he was very proud of the way they took to the mountains with a heavy load in tow. The above performance was to be repeated several times before we reached our destination. Uncle Dave rode his saddle horse ahead of the wagon, watching the road and looking for places where it was possible for wagons to pass. This section of the road had been constructed with convict labor, a single lane road that had been blasted out of the solid rock of the mountain side. About every quarter of a mile or so there would be a passing lane and each traveler had to be sure that the road was clear from one passing place to the next before venturing forth.

Uncle Dave, before coming to Phoenix, lived in Globe, Arizona, where, among other things, he operated a chuck wagon lunch counter. He was a better than average cook and I will never forget how good his sour dough biscuits tasted for an early morning breakfast. Uncle Dave would also help Mother in taking care of the baby (Lois), spending hours playing with her and seemingly enjoying it all.

Fourth of July!

One morning, not too long after we had started for the day, we heard the sound of gun-fire. Dad stopped the wagon and told Uncle Dave to get the guns ready as the shooting we had been hearing could be coming from a Mexican or Indian settlement not far ahead. We then resumed our journey and a short time later come to the very small town of Bumblebee, just a store, a livery stable, a few houses and some Mexicans and Indians standing about. They were still shooting their guns into the air once in a while when Dad drove up and asked what all the shooting was about. The store-keeper, a white man, said "Hell! Man! It's the Fourth of July," whereupon all of the men, including Dad and Uncle Dave, emptied their guns into the air again. We had completely forgotten what day it was. We stopped at Bumblebee for the rest of the day and replenished our supplies. Among other things we obtained a large bucket of fresh buttermilk which we all enjoyed very much.

The VanDerans were an old time cattle ranching family, well known and well liked, who had lived in the Verde Valley area for many years, in fact their children still live in the Cottonwood, Sedona area. The house we moved into was quite large with a porch or breezeway between the bedrooms on one side and the living room, dining room and kitchen on the other. Most of our meals were eaten in the large breezeway since it was cooler there. The living room had a large stone fireplace from which a big black kettle on an arm could be swung into or out of the fire and was used for simmering stew, beans or other boiled foods.

When we first moved into the VanDeran house, there were several joints of stove pipe short of the necessary amount required to set up the stove in the kitchen. The problem was solved temporarily by setting the stove up in the back yard and for a week or so, or until it was convenient to go to town, Mother did the cooking in the yard.

The ranchers living in the vicinity owned and ran large numbers of beef cattle on the then open range. This in turn required periodical round-ups of all stock, the branding of all calves and the separation of stock by brands, later to be claimed by the ranch owning same. The presence of so many cowboys, wranglers, chuck wagons, horses and cattle made these round-ups a time of excitement and wonder, especially for a small boy just arrived from the East.

Cowboys: Their Life and Attire

The cowboy's pony was, as a rule, the property of the ranch, but the saddle, lasso, spurs, bridle, chaps and saddle blanket belonged to each individual. The cowboys took great pride in their hats and boots. The hats were, in many instances, high priced Stetsons and the high heeled cowboy boots were equally expensive, decorative and functional.

The Stetsons would take quite a beating during a round-up, since it seemed to be the universal custom to use them as a whip, flailing away, yelling at the top of their voices and spurring their horses when chasing strays or just cutting up. About all that would be left of the Stetson after the round-up would be the brim. Navajo blankets were commonly used as saddle blankets by the cowboys and I can remember seeing many of these blankets as well as Navajo rugs in our home.

It was not an uncommon sight to see a cowboy come walking home from out on the range, carrying his saddle on his back, hobbling along on his high heels, after having had to shoot his horse, when it stepped in a gopher hole and broke its leg. In many instances the rider was injured as well as the horse, except that the man did not have to be shot.

Knowing Dad for the farmer that he was, the cowboys were forever trying, by one means or another, to get Dad on a real live cow pony. This was easier said than done, for Dad was wise to most of their tricks and usually shied clear of them. One day, however, our milk cow got out of its pasture and wandered off. One of the ranch men, having seen the cow, rode up to Dad, jumped off his horse and asked him if he would like to use the horse to go after the cow. Dad fell for the trick and mounted, whereupon the horse took off like a shot and, after much maneuvering, drove the cow home in spite of Dad, who was hanging on for dear life, with the reins dragging the ground. All of the hands had a good laugh at Dad's expense but they did give him credit for at least staying on the horse which was no small accomplishment considering the horse he had been trying to ride.

A very important piece of equipment for the cowboy was his chaps. These were usually made of leather, tied or belted around the waist and covering each leg, down to and over the boot tops. The additional heavy covering served to reduce the many bruising shocks when bumping into fences, gate posts, horses and cattle. More important, the chaps were very good protection for the legs from the scratches of mesquite brush, cactus and other thorny growths so prevalent on the foothill ranges. Some of the boys carried a short riding whip, known as a quirt. However, this practice was not universal since, as before mentioned, wide use was made of the Stetson, spurs and the ends of the bridle reins, to get an immediate and explosive response from the horse.

One particular "quirt" which I still have in my possession was made from horse hair by a minor chief of the Apache tribe. His name was Just-in-Head, and he had worked for Dad on the farm, until one day he decided to quit and asked for his pay. He told Dad that there was serious trouble brewing within his tribe and he believed that eventually he would be killed. After receiving his pay he purchased a rifle and ammunition and then began a deadly game of hide and seek with the other members of his tribe which lasted for several months. Over this period of time Just-in-Head killed six of his tribesmen, the last of which was a small Indian boy. The killing of the boy was purely unintentional, a case of mistaken identity. Someone took a shot at Just-in-Head as he was making his way through a cornfield. He saw the corn stalks move a short distance away and fired at the movement, thereby killing the boy. This last killing seemed to take all of the remaining fighting spirit out of Just-in-Head and he then walked into town and gave himself up, to the Sheriff of Yavapai County.

After trial Just-in-Head was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary at Yuma. In prison he became very adept at making such articles as horsehair quirts, watch fobs, belts and hat-bands. These articles were all very well made and found a ready market wherever they were presented for sale. Just-in-Head sent many of these items to Dad, in Tulsa, to sell for him. Dad sold them and sent the money to Just-in-Head. On my ninth birthday, I received from Just-in-Head a riding quirt as a birthday present. This quirt, which I still have, much the worse for wear and tear, with the original leather tip long since missing, has for me a real sentimental value. Its poor condition is due, not to its use on bucking bronchos but primarily to its use on me and my brothers.

To the cowboy of sixty years ago, his cigarette and pack of "Makins" was his constant companion, a conjurer of tall tales around the campfire and in the bunk house, and his solice in time of trouble. A nickel package of Bull Durham with the necessary papers attached, packed in a small cotton bag with a drawstring and a round cardboard tag on the end, was usually carried in the shirt or jumper pocket with the drawstring and tag hanging out, making it easier to grab the sack while riding. Tailor made cigarettes, in those days, were unheard of, as were filter tips, king size and that smoking might be the cause of lung cancer. I have wondered if the low incidence of lung cancer, in those days was in some part due to the fact that it took about as long to roll a cigarette as it did to smoke it, thereby materially reducing the number of cigarettes a person would smoke in a day.

I have watched the star of some television western nonchalantly roll a cigarette with one hand while holding the reins of a galloping horse with the other. I can't for the life of me remember but one man who made it a practice to roll his cigarettes with one hand and that was a man with

only one arm. Usually the action of rolling a cigarette was slow and deliberate, great care being used to insure a well packed and perfectly formed cigarette that would be a pleasure to smoke. Needless to say I tried to roll and smoke cigarettes, if for no other reason than to see if I could and of course, to ape the actions of the cowboys whom I admired very much. I might say that the results of my repeated attempts were much less than desired.

Skunked!

One day Dave Grimes, a friend of mine, came over and we started out to try to find some amusement when we came upon an old abandoned well, rather shallow, into which had fallen a skunk. We hurried back to Dave's house where we obtained a pitchfork to which we lashed a long pole. Dave then slipped into his house and found his father's double barrel shotgun. With this equipment we made our way back to the old well. By using the pitchfork we managed to work the skunk up the side of the well almost to the top, at which time Dave took careful aim with the shotgun and blazed away with both barrels. His aim was perfect and Mr. Skunk was blown to little pieces. Unfortunately, in some undetermined manner, a large number of the little pieces were blown onto me. When I returned home, Dad took one smell and then took me, a good stiff brush and a bar of soap and we spent the next hour or so on the stream bank trying to rid me of the smell and the skunk.

Another incident occurred about the same time when Dave and I were walking home from the one room, all-grade schoolhouse which was located about two miles from where we lived. We conceived the bright idea of taking a detour which would bring us near a watermelon patch belonging to an old Indian squaw. We arrived at the patch and each picked a nice melon to take with us. About then we glanced up to see the squaw running toward us. We quickly dropped the melons and took off for home. Soon we had to cross a large sand-burr patch and since Dave wore shoes and I was barefoot, Dave carried me over the sand-burrs and I shortly thereafter carried him across a small stream that was on our way. We arrived home about two jumps ahead of the squaw, to be met by Dad who wanted to know what all the fuss was about. The squaw was pointing to us and shouting a mixture of Indian, Spanish and English words that were next to impossible to understand, or so we thought. Soon, however, the truth became clear and the matter was quickly settled by Dad, who paid the squaw for the melons, gave me a licking and sent Dave home.

I was on my way to school one day with one of the VanDeran boys when we found ourselves in the midst of a herd of half-wild range cattle that had been rounded up and were being held there for market. These

steers were mean and we knew it; and rather than chance some injury, we worked our way to a nearby water flume, a large wooden trough, built high up on supports and used to transport water from one field to another. We lost no time climbing into the flume and there we stayed until late in the afternoon, when Dad came looking for us. None the worse for the experience, we climbed into the wagon and soon were home.

Village Blacksmith

Among other things, the ranch had a blacksmith shop. "Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village blacksmith stands," except that in this case there was no spreading chestnut tree, as there might have been in Indiana, only a large shed open on four sides. The blacksmith, when not busy at the forge making and fitting horseshoes, tightening and repairing wagon wheel rims and other odd jobs, doubled as a horse wrangler. He didn't mind at all having me stand around watching him work and with little or no effort I could be induced to pump the bellows for the forge whenever it was necessary. The blacksmith would quickly heat the metal to a dull red and rough shape it on the anvil with a rhythmic beat of his hammer. With a rasp he would skillfully cut down the splayed and overgrown edges of the hoof and then slap the hot shoe on for a fit, amid the smelly, smoking, burning of the horse's hoof. He would then return the shoe to the forge to give it a final heating and shaping on the anvil. Now ready for the final act, the shoe would be nailed solidly through the hoof until the nails emerged along the sides where they would be bent over and clinched, there to remain until the next set of shoes were made for the horse. This blacksmith really enjoyed his work and to prove it, he would be singing most of the time that he was working in spite of the fact that he would usually have a big chew of tobacco in his mouth. Whether or not the chewing detracted from his singing was hard to tell, since he always sounded about the same. I do know that he could take a long swallow of water without removing the cud of tobacco from his mouth without any ill effects to him whatsoever.

The cattle that I remember on the ranch were not of the old Texas longhorn variety, nor did they resemble the sleek, heavy, well bred shorthorns of today but rather an in-between breed. Needless to say, the meat was not so tender or plentiful as is found on today's fat, corn-fed beef cattle. The science of animal husbandry, feeding, breeding and cross-breeding was, even at that time, beginning to be practiced by the ranchers and was to have marked effects on the economy in the years to follow.

At butchering time, certain steers would be cut from the herd and driven to the slaughter pen, where well aimed rifle shots would drop them like rocks. When butchering was planned, the local Indians would soon find out about it and gather around in full force, waiting for handouts that

might come their way. Some would even wade out into the river stream to recover the heads, paunches, entrails and other parts that were discarded as unusable. These parts, together with any other bits of meat given to them, would be taken to their camp and there strung on lines between the wig-wams and hung on mesquite bushes nearby. After several hours in the broiling sun the meat would be dried as hard as leather (and just about as tough). This was the Jerky meat, so widely used by the Indians and others, because it could be carried easily in the saddle bags or gunny sacks and was the main ingredient for a stew or, if one wished, could be eaten dry and raw, with the help of a good set of teeth and a lot of chewing.

Indian Lore

The Indians also made wide use of the beans from the Blue Palo Verde tree. These beans were ground, between stones, into a flour or meal which would then be moistened, fried in fat or baked in small cakes, as bread.

The Apache Indians were once a fierce, warlike people, living on the mountain slopes and at higher altitudes than the agriculturally inclined Indians who lived in the valleys, there cultivating their corn, beans, squash, peppers and other crops. Through most of past history peoples of peaceful and agricultural tendencies have occupied the lowlands and the warriors and fighters, the higher mountain country.

About twenty miles to the east of Cottonwood is located the Montezuma National Monument. An unknown tribe of Indians, farmers and peaceful, built their cliff dwelling high on the sides of the hundred-foot sandstone cliffs. It is a four-story, forty-room structure, dug into the hollowed out sandstone, with access only by means of ladders which could, in an emergency, be pulled up and out of reach of marauding bands. This structure was built in the 11th century and abandoned in the 15th century. The reason for its abandonment, as well as the origin of the Indians who occupied it, is still unknown. Whether its abandonment was the result of disease, drouth or war is not known, but some day may be discovered.

There was a half-breed working for us on the ranch, whose name I can't remember, who liked to chew tobacco. I would watch him take a plug of tobacco out of his pocket, open his knife and cut himself a small piece to put in his mouth. Soon he would pucker his lips and spew forth a stream of tobacco juice with deadly aim at some bug or beetle on the ground. I dogged him for days for a chew of his tobacco. Finally in sheer desperation, he cut a small piece for me. I put the chew in my mouth and began working on it and then went down to the canal to watch the water flow by. Later I became very sick and lost all of the breakfast I had eaten. Mother wanted to know what had made me so sick and I told her that I had spent too much time watching the water flow by in the canal.

One afternoon Dad came running to the house from one of the alfalfa fields, shouting, "Hurry! Hurry! Get me the butcher knife." Mother came running to meet him, handed him the knife and Dad started hurrying back to the field. I followed as close as I could and soon saw that there was a cow on the ground in the field. Dad immediately plunged the knife into the cow's stomach. I am not sure just which one of the cow's three stomachs was punctured, but there was a great spewing forth of a large amount of gas and half digested alfalfa. Soon afterwards the cow was back on her feet and a few days later was fully recovered. Dad explained that the milk cow had broken into a field of young, new alfalfa and had been grazing on it for some time. The poison contained in the new feed had caused her bloated condition, from which she most certainly would have died had not Dad operated when he did.

The irrigation of the alfalfa was considered one of the most important of the farm chores and was taken care of religiously at regular intervals. Dad would pull on a pair of rubber boots, take a hoe and walk over the entire field to see that it was being thoroughly covered with water. The hoe he carried was a very useful tool for chopping at weeds, filling gopher holes which could drain off the water into some nearby gully, and for killing snakes. The field in time would become completely covered with water, each high place would, of a certainty, be occupied by one or more rattlesnakes, lizards or other form of reptiles. Dad would sometimes bring home the rattles of some snake he had killed, but only if it happened to be one of extra large size.

Centipedes and Prairie Dogs

On one occasion Dad brought home a huge centipede in a jar. He said the reason that he brought it home was because it was the largest one he had ever seen. The jar was placed on the mantle and sure enough, that night the centipede escaped. We spent many hours going over the house carefully, moving the furniture and looking every place we thought the centipede would hide but we never did find the thing. It made good its escape.

There were many prairie dog mounds near the farm and I liked to crawl as close as possible to their holes and watch them frolic and play with each other. Upon the slightest suspicion of danger they would dive with incredible speed into their holes to stay until the danger had passed. Some men would try to shoot the prairie dogs from horseback or from the seat of a buggy or wagon but with very little success, for by the time they could get within gunshot range, the prairie dog would dive for the safety of his hole.

Brother Ted was born on the farm at Cottonwood, October 23, 1903, and Dad had to saddle a horse and ride for the Doctor. Ted's name was really William Roseman but due to the fact that at that time Teddy Roosevelt was then President of the United States and very popular, at least in Arizona, his name soon became Teddy or Ted. When Ted was a very small baby, Mother had difficulty in finding milk that would agree with him. Both canned milk and cow's milk were tried with no success and Ted's condition became increasingly worse. It was then decided to try goat's milk. Dad caught one of the nanny goats from the ranch herd and after tying one of its legs to a fence post and holding the other between his knees, succeeded in getting about a pint of milk in a can. When he had just about finished milking, the nanny jerked loose, kicking Dad over backwards, spilling the milk and causing Dad to use some loud and slightly profane language. The milking procedure was repeated, using another nanny goat with complete success. Ted thrived on the diet of goat's milk and continued to gain weight and strength.

Ted's Antics

Dad liked to chew tobacco and for this purpose carried a plug of Star or Horse Shoe in his pants pocket at all times. One night while sitting on Dad's lap, Ted succeeded in thoroughly soaking both Dad and his plug of tobacco. Since Dad's supply of chewing tobacco was low and it was not convenient to go to town just then, Dad decided to try to salvage the plug that had been damaged, by drying it out on the back of the kitchen stove. After a thorough drying, Dad took a chew and reported that it was just as good if not better than it was before the wetting.

Lois, at this time, was about three years old and, sitting in her high chair near the stove, was trying very hard to make the high chair rock. After several tries she succeeded and the chair tipped forward, towards the stove which she struck with the open palms of her hands, thereby receiving serious burns. Mother grabbed her and ran for the kitchen where she hurriedly scraped some Irish potatoes, making a poultice to bind on the burns. In time the burns healed without complications.

Arizona Strawberries

During our stay on the farm, there was available to us plenty of beef, mutton and venison. The surrounding foothills were the natural grazing grounds for deer and, at anytime it was necessary, the ranch hands would bring in as many deer as needed. One of the main foods available to us was beans. The brown or pinto bean, known locally as the Arizona Strawberry, was to me, as it was to the rest of the family and the ranch hands, a dish

to look forward to with relish and anticipation. After adding two or three red hot Mexican peppers and a chunk of salt pork, the beans would be simmered for several hours and served hot with plenty of soup. The Mexican and Indian farm hands would simply refuse to work unless they were served plenty of beans, in fact beans were on the menu for breakfast, dinner and supper, in one form or another.

There would also be on the table at least two bottles of pepper sauce, the first of which would be hot and the second hotter. The sauce was easily prepared by pouring vinegar over a bottle full of pepper pods and letting it stand for some time. The hotter the pepper sauce, the more the Mexicans would praise it. One day at lunch, I noticed in the bowl of bean soup, one small round, red pepper while the rest of the peppers were of the long red variety. My curiosity was immediately aroused and I began to beg and plead for that particular round red pepper. Repeated warnings to the effect that it was extra hot and would burn my mouth were of no avail. The pepper was dished out to me and I jammed it into my mouth. First I gasped for breath, then let out a yell and dashed for the water bucket. That was the hottest mouthful, I believe, that I ever tried to eat.

Wild Honey

Occasionally we would have wild bee honey on the table but only when some of the men were fortunate enough to find the wild beehives in the surrounding hills. On one such occasion several men from VanDerans came by, in a team and wagon, and asked Dad to go with them to get a supply of wild honey. The party was well supplied with all the necessary equipment, including gloves, face screens and a blower to smoke the bees out of their hives. Dad later told of how they found the bees, smoked them out and obtained several cans and buckets of honey but not before they had received dozens of bee stings which, upon their return, were liberally daubed with baking soda. Dad remarked that he did not mind the bees half as much as he did having to inch his way along a ledge of rock one hundred feet above the valley floor to get to the beehives.

Christmas time, as far as the weather was concerned, was completely different in Arizona from what it was in Indiana. There was never a snowfall where we lived in Arizona and the temperature at that time of the year was usually mild. Before Christmas in Indiana the ground would be covered with a thick blanket of snow that would usually last through the entire winter. The wheels of the buggies would be replaced with sleigh runners and the people continued to carry on their normal activities, using wrapped hot bricks or flatirons and blankets to keep warm while driving.

One Christmas day in Arizona, I received, in addition to some candy and oranges, a spring-type popgun which had for a bullet a small red

rubber ball. Being very proud of the new gun, I decided to see just how good a hunter I was. I loaded the gun and went out to the backyard and the first big game I located was our long-legged Rhode Island Red rooster. The old rooster paid no attention whatever to me while I took careful aim and blazed away. The shot hit the rooster and the red ball rolled to the ground nearby. The rooster seemed surprised but after sighting the bright red ball, quickly gobbled it up and ran for shelter under the porch, bringing my hunting expedition to a finish and putting a damper on my Christmas spirits.

Occasionally we would have store oranges at times other than on Christmas or birthdays. The farm in Phoenix had several small orange trees in the yard but the fruit was small, sour and bitter, offering no great treat to us if we tried to eat it. One time at Cottonwood, after eating my store orange, I decided that I would save the peel, dry it and later have the pleasure of eating it also. I hid the orange peel in the old fashioned coffee grinder which was attached to the wall in the kitchen. The next morning, while Mother was starting breakfast, Dad ground the necessary amount of Arbuckle coffee, not realizing that the orange peel was in the coffee grinder. Needless to say, the coffee on that particular morning had a very unusual flavor, of a kind that we had never tried before.

"Preacher"

None of the family were overly supplied with clothing, however we were always able to present a good Sunday best appearance when the occasion demanded. Dad had one good suit with a black, long tailed, Prince Albert type coat. I was told that it was his wedding suit and there had not been too many occasions since that he could wear it. The schoolhouse, located near our farm, was also used as a recreation center as well. Many meetings and dances were held in the school building and to these gatherings Dad would always wear his Prince Albert wedding suit. He soon acquired the nickname of "Preacher" which did not seem to bother him in the least. At one of the meetings most of the neighbors had already assembled when our family walked in the door. One of the men present, in a loud voice called the meeting to attention with the remark that "we can now start the meeting since the Preacher has arrived".

Whenever there was to be dancing at the schoolhouse, which was at just about every meeting held, the school desks would be unscrewed from the floor and moved out into the yard. The fiddlers would tune up and the dance would get under way, then near morning or whenever the dance broke up, the desks would be returned to the schoolroom and the sleepy horses, kids and grownups would head for home.

At one of these gatherings, Mother received as a prize or gift, I can't remember which, a set of dishes. We had gone to the meeting with the VanDeran family, in their wagon. Jimmy Van Deran was driving a pair of half wild ponies, hitched to a light spring wagon, and at a shout and a slap of the reins the horses took off like a shot, hitting every hole and rock in the road. Mother was sitting in the wagon seat, holding the dishes in her lap with one hand and trying to hold to the seat with the other. We were lucky in making our way home safely with no broken bones, dishes or wagon wheels.

ARIZONA

Jerome

Jerome, Arizona Territory (Arizona gained statehood in 1912, under President Taft) was, in 1905, a lusty, brawling copper mining town perched high on the side of a mountain to which it seemed to cling for dear life. Jerome today can be reached by traveling a well paved highway from Flagstaff or Prescott, an easy alternate route to Highway 66. Jerome has gained some recent renown as a Ghost Town tourist attraction. It is indeed a very picturesque little town with many of the original buildings still standing, now empty and slowly sliding down the mountainside. A sign just outside the town reads as follows: Jerome: Population 1905—15,000, 1915—5,000, 1920—1,000, 1960—100. Jerome is entered by a winding, mountain road, upgrade all the way from Cottonwood. When the mine was operating, the terrain changed from rich valley farmland to barren mountain slopes, bathed in sulphur fumes, as one neared Jerome, the copper mining center of the Territory.

Our family moved into some rooms on the upper floor of a two-story building and Dad went to work for the Miller Company (no relation of ours), a wholesale firm controlled by interests that operated the mine. The Miller Company handled just about everything that was used in the town of Jerome and all of the surrounding country, including groceries, meats, clothing, rifles and ammunition, furniture, blasting powder and Blue Ribbon Beer in corked bottles with wire fasteners and blue ribbons attached.

Colorful People

The people of Jerome at that time were a conglomeration of many nationalities of which a large percentage were foreign born Poles, Hungarians, Russians, Chinese, Mexicans and of course many local Indians. The foreigners were, for the most part, imported from the San Francisco area, for work as manual laborers in the mine. These workers lived, each nationality to themselves, in overcrowded quarters, subsisting on the very minimum food requirements by our standards.

The mine existed primarily to produce copper but in the process some gold and silver were also produced. The entire side of the mountain below the mine was one huge slag dump. A train of dumpcars would periodically, day and night, release its load of red hot glowing slag and the entire area, if it happened to be at night, would be lighted by the fiery glow that could be mistaken, by one with a little imagination, as being the fires of Hell.

A newspaper could be read by the red glow, even when miles away from it. The fumes arising from the slag and from the mine stacks contained enough sulphur to kill every living plant, tree or shrub, leaving the mountainside barren and defoliated. The pollution of the air was, no doubt, just as unhealthy for the humans living there but we were unaware of this hazard at the time.

The altitude of Jerome was about 5,000 feet, the climate mild with very little rain and no snow, and day after day of bright warm sunlight. The snowcapped San Francisco peaks, near Flagstaff, could be seen for practically the entire year. The town was served by a narrow gauge railroad from Flagstaff. The small engine and cars were very similar to the ones presently used on the Denver and Rio Grande, still operating between Durango and Silverton, Colorado. It was a common occurrence for groups of people to take a picnic lunch and ride the train to any of the many beautiful spots in scenic Oak Creek Canyon and later catch the return train home in the afternoon. Oak Creek Canyon has, at the present time, become quite a resort area with many beautiful homes beside the clear, rushing mountain stream.

The "Hog Back"

Several months after our arrival in Jerome, Dad purchased a small home, a short way out of town, on what was called the "Hog Back". (This house has long since disappeared.) The hog back was a ridge or spine that ran at right angle to the mountain on which Jerome was located. The mountainsides fell sharply in a steep drop from both sides of the hog back, making it necessary to build all of the houses on high supports at either the front or back. The back of our house was on such supports, about six feet high while the front was level with the roadway.

In our front yard and to one side of the house was a huge boulder which was a continuing source of annoyance to Dad. He firmly decided to get rid of this big rock and so one day, with the help of a neighbor and some crowbars, the boulder was finally dislodged and sent on its way to the bottom of the mountain. Before the boulder had really started to roll very fast, it became side-tracked and decided to detour under our back porch, taking with it on its way down, the supports holding up the porch. Since the porch was left swinging in mid-air, immediate repairs had to be started.

Soon after moving into our new home, Mother mixed a large batch of dough for homemade bread and left it in a pan, covered by a tea towel, on the back of the stove, to rise while we attended church. When we returned home, the first thing we noticed was our big Tom cat, curled up on the pan of dough, taking a snooze. Dad was so mad that he grabbed the cat

and threw him through the screen door, no small accomplishment, as you would know if you ever tried to throw a cat anywhere.

On out past our house on the hog back was the cemetery and still further down the road was the Apache Indian camp, both of which proved to be a never ending source of interest to me as long as I lived in Jerome. The cemetery was interesting because it supplied diversion on many days when the funeral processions would slowly wend their way past our house, sometimes with only two or three mourners and then at other times with many. Then too, the cemetery was a ready source of supply for the many candles needed when exploring the old mine tunnels that dotted the hillside of the neighborhood. These explorations were usually carried out in the company of neighbor boys, dogs and always without the knowledge of our parents. The mine tunnels, all abandoned, were in most cases the home of bats and chipmunks as well as many other flying and crawling creatures. None of us were ever involved in accidents while exploring these old mines and it was a pastime, which in our opinion, had no equal for sheer excitement and adventure.

Indian Camp Life

About thirty Indians, bucks, squaws, kids, dogs and skinny ponies lived in the camp down the road from our house. They lived in pole wigwams which were covered with canvas, burlap, tin signs or anything else that could be salvaged, begged or stolen which would serve as a covering for the pole frame of the wigwam. Cooking was usually done on open fires in front of the wigwams, over the open coals or in an iron pot that might contain a soup or stew, depending on the kind and amount of food contributed by members whose duty it was to supply the ingredients therefor. There would usually be corn meal, hand ground and mixed with a flour made by grinding "squaw berries". I often wondered why so many of the squaws wore what looked like red clay pots on their heads. It was some time later that I discovered the reason why. A mixture of clay or mud, daubed on the head, completely covering all of the hair, when left to dry and harden in the hot sun was a sure kill for all the lice that might have resided thereon. This I suppose was a variation of the present day mud pack treatment.

The Indian camp was colorful to look at but it also had a stench so strong that a person with a weak stomach could quickly be made ill from the smell of it. When the accumulation of dirt, lice and odor became so bad that the Indians themselves could stand it no longer, they would solve the problem by pulling up stakes and moving to a new location. I wondered why the Apaches usually picked a camp that was some distance from water and on top of a high hill or ridge. I suppose it was inherent in the nature of the Apache to pick his camp site in this manner, so that a clear view

could be had and smoke signals could be seen from great distances. From centuries past the Apache has been of the mountain people, hunters and fighters, as opposed to the peaceful, farmer type people of the lowlands and valleys, who lived and cultivated their crops along the stream banks.

Hungry Papoose

Mother, I recall, hired an old squaw called Maggie, to come once a week to do our laundry. Maggie was quite a character with her colorful speech, dress and actions but was a better than average worker. For her work she charged fifty cents per day and her meals. One day she told Mother that from that time on she would have to have one dollar per day. When asked why the increase in pay, she said, "That papoose, he too damn stink." The papoose that she was referring to was brother Perry Hays, who was born in Jerome, September 9, 1907. Maggie considered it her right and privilege, after a meal was finished, to take home with her, all of the uneaten food which included emptying the sugar bowl and cream pitcher into a can which she brought along for just such a purpose. Her explanation was that she "takum home to hungry papoose."

Occasionally the Indians would, by one means or another, come into the possession of some whisky, and if the amount was sufficient, the entire band would proceed to get uproariously drunk. They would stomp dance, around a pail or jug of whiskey, singing or yowling until either the whiskey ran out or the dancers passed out, whichever happened first. At such times, if there was any fighting, and there usually would be, the Sheriff would drive out to the camp in his canvas covered wagon, gather up several of the men and throw them into jail, where they would be held until they sobered up, after which they might be returned to the reservation or turned loose upon promise of good behavior. There was a story to the effect that the Indians made whiskey out of the corn and fed the cobs to the horses. After all, I cannot truthfully say that the Indians were any worse than, or even as bad as, the whites. The brawls and shootings that occurred in or near the numerous saloons in town were far more deadly and violent and usually happened nightly instead of only occasionally as was the case with the Indians.

"Whiskers"

There was one old Indian whom I will never forget. He was called "Whiskers" and was supposed to be some sort of a medicine man. He made a daily trip to town to beg anything that he thought he had the least hope of getting. He would, upon receiving some gift of clothing, immediately proceed to put the clothing on. By the time he had completed his rounds

and was on his way back to camp, he would be wearing several pairs of pants, two or three shirts and as many hats. One day when making his way back to camp, dressed in his collection of loot, he was followed by his squaw, a few paces to his rear. To the squaw's back was tied securely, a two-hole cast iron stove and on top of the stove perched her papoose, thoroughly enjoying the trip.

On one of his trips Whiskers had acquired a pair of light tan or yellow shoes of which he was very proud. On his way home there was a small stream to cross and rather than take off his shoes, he just hopped up on the back of his squaw and told her to carry him across. She tried but somehow stumbled and fell, dumping Whiskers into the water. Last seen Whiskers was trying unsuccessfully to catch her.

Whiskers would hang around the company warehouse in the hope that he could pick up items of junk that might be thrown away. Some one had given him a long tailed coat which he was wearing while sitting on the edge of the loading dock. One of the workers with the help of a hammer and some staples, tacked his coat tail to the dock flooring. Whiskers was so enraged by this insult to his dignity that he began to pull, tug and twist about until he tore the tail off the coat, before indignantly walking away.

It was not very long after the above incident that Whiskers was burned to death when his wigwam caught fire. The Indians at the camp rolled his body onto a canvas tarpaulin, dragged it to a deep gully and completely covered it with large stones, all the while moaning their death chant. This was to be the final resting place for his body and it is assumed that his soul took flight to "the happy hunting ground."

It may seem that many of the remarks made about the inhabitants, the Indians of the area, are of a derogatory nature. It is not my intention to poke fun at the Indians or their habits and peculiarities, but rather to get down in writing, my remembrances of the incidents as of the time of their occurrence. I believe that a reprint of the following short article from "Arizona—Land of Fair Color", will be of interest:

Colorful People

"In the great ocean of modernity in which we live there can be found islands inhabited by people who cling to the ways and manners of older days. These people are the Indians of the Southwest, colorful natives of a colorful land.

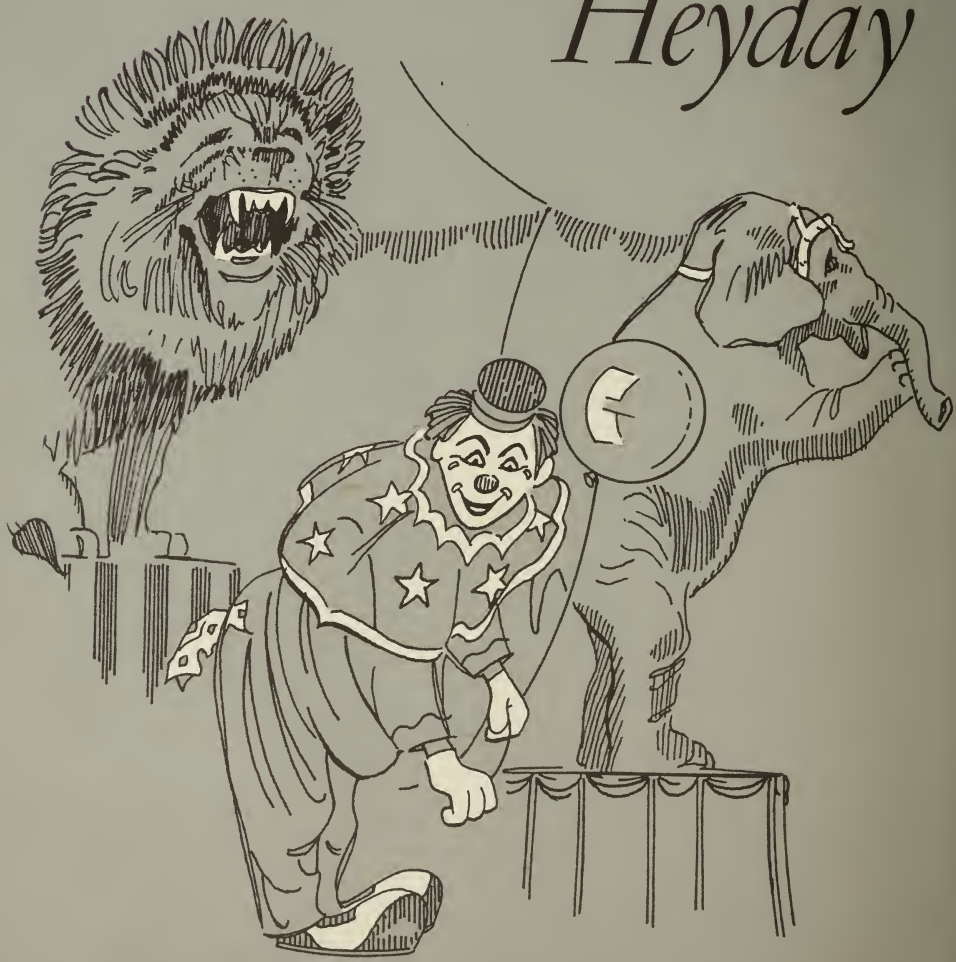
"Many of them have never seen a train or plane, have never basked in the glow of neon lights, have never been carried away by the high emotions inspired by the stridence of a juke box. Few of them know of the convenience of a self-serve supermarket. They do not feel completely isolated because they do not have a telephone at their finger tips. They manage to entertain themselves without movies, radio or television. They can cook a meal without a gas or electric range, without the jungle of modern gadgets that clutter the modern kitchen.

"One might call them primitive and shed a tear for their backwardness, but it would be a tear wasted. They manage to be happy in their own little worlds, they find the ways of their fathers sufficient for full and complete lives, they accept their lot with a philosophical calm. They lead a life of slower tempo, less hectic than ours, much freer from tensions and ulcers. With good judgment and without hesitation, they accept the ministrations of the white doctor when their own medicine man fails them. That does not give us the right, though, to say that their healers are a hodge-podge of hocus-pocus and superstition. They wisely accept much that we have to offer that is good. The Apache cattleman, on his reservation, finds a panel truck a great convenience in his daily chores. The Indian farmer, farming his rich acres along the Colorado, rides his gallant tractor like a steed. The Papago, in the heart of the desert, knows well the intricacies of the ponderous well-drilling machine. The Zuni jewelry maker has learned that an electric drill or polisher, saving him hours of work, does not detract from the perfection of his artistry. The Hopi farmer, to his profit, has accepted the teachings of the white man in soil conservation; the Navajo sheep herder finds that modern animal husbandry has resulted in bigger sheep and better wool for him. But in matters of soul and thought, the Indians hold strongly to the past, finding wisdom in the old worn truths. Our colorful people are children of nature. The elements are their good, or sometimes evil, companions. The Navajo builds the opening of his hogan always to the East; so that the sun is the first to greet him when he steps out into his world of sand, distance and time without end each day. The Hopi gods are the gods of rain, thunder and weather. Like other Pueblo tribes of the

Southwest, the ceremonies of the Hopis are elaborate, each dance carries a supplication of the tribe to the deities that control the elements. The wisest of the tribe are the old ones, whose age has made them more conversant with the will of the gods. There is always the sun, the wind, the heat of summer, the cold of winter. From the cradle to the grave, these simple, colorful people depend on the whims of the weather. Their lives and character are moulded by the uncertain elements, as the very land they live in bears the strange imprints of those very elements. Living so closely to nature, they learn to be patient, uncomplaining, for whatever nature brings to man is the will of the gods."

JEROME
A WESTERN "METROPOLIS"

Jerome in Its Heyday



Main Street in Jerome was, in 1905, even as it is today, narrow, steep and curving. The business buildings, mostly of stone or brick and of a permanent type of construction, lined both sides of the unpaved street. At the upper end was located the railway station, mine offices and other buildings while further down the street and mountain were many homes, all of which were standing on high supports, at either the front or rear of the houses, depending on which side of the street they were. On each side of Main Street were wooden duckboard sidewalks to which were connected miles and miles of wooden stairways, or so it seemed to me. Jerome was no place for a person with a heart condition to live, at least if he expected to walk about town.

Circus!

At one time a small single ring circus came to town and there was some delay in setting up the show due to the fact that they could not find anyplace in town large enough and level enough, on which to erect the tent. It was finally decided to block off a section of Main Street, so that the tent could be erected there. At that circus was the first time in my life that I can remember seeing lions, tigers, elephants and other zoo animals.

I recall very well the first automobile I ever saw, belonging to a doctor in Jerome: It was a small, open runabout and as I learned later, a one-cylinder "Brush". To the doctor, I am sure, his automobile was more for novelty and conversation than to serve any useful purpose. He would drive or coast the Brush at great speed, the eight miles downhill to the valley but on the return trip up the mountain to Jerome, he would usually be tied to the back of an ore wagon or some other horse-drawn vehicle. Nevertheless, the doctor was proud to be the owner of the only automobile in the county and took every opportunity to praise its performance to any one who would listen.

Prodigal Son!

Early one morning a Chinaman, driving a team and wagon loaded with lumber, stopped in front of our house to adjust some part of the team's harness and I asked him where he was going. He said that he was going to

Clarkdale (this took time since his English was almost non-existent), and would return in the evening. Clarkdale was located at the mouth of a horizontal tunnel at the base of the mountain on which Jerome was perched. Shafts from the Jerome mine connected with the tunnel from Clarkdale, a town that was then being built from scratch. I immediately started to work on the Chinaman to take me with him to Clarkdale. After begging, pleading and repeated assurances that no harm would come to him, he agreed to let me go. Due to all of the conversation with the Chinaman, I completely forgot to let Mother know where I was going; no doubt if I had, I would not have gone. Anyway I climbed aboard and we were on our way, arriving at Clarkdale about noon. After unloading the lumber, the Chinaman bought me a piece of apple pie for lunch after which we wandered about the town for a time.

After looking at the new buildings under construction we soon started home. When I arrived late in the afternoon, I found our household in an uproar, no one knew where I had been for the entire day. As soon as all the facts were out in the open, Dad gave me a good talking to about letting them know where I was going, and I promised, "never again". Now it was the poor Chinaman's turn. Dad bawled him out good, finishing by saying that if he ever again did what he had done that day, he (Dad) would wring his neck. But really, that trip to Clarkdale, riding with a Chinaman on the load of lumber, was one experience I will never forget.

Riot

Mexican Independence Day, September 18th, was celebrated in Jerome with as much or more gusto as was our own Fourth of July. One such September 18th the town was crowded with Mexicans, Indians, idle mine workers, ranchers, cowboys and others. Being a holiday, all sorts of sports, games and picnics had been arranged, with plenty of firewater for those who cared for it. There were several horse races (a VanDeran horse won a race), foot races, knife throwing contests, catch the greased pig, climb the greased pole and a tug of war. As it turned out, the most exciting event of the day was the tug of war. A well picked Mexican team opposed a team of heavies from the mine. All was going well in this event, neither side being able to dislodge the other, when the spectators began closing in on the contestants. The excitement and the betting were running high, then suddenly a knife flashed, a man was stabbed, another shot dead and a full-fledged riot was in progress. The women and children were hurriedly crowded into the stores and the doors locked while the riot continued for the rest of the day and on into the night, until the arrival of the State Rangers restored order.

For fire protection, Jerome had four volunteer fire companies. Each of these companies was composed of six men and a two-wheeled hose cart. When called out the volunteer firemen would rush to the location of their hose cart which would then be pulled to the fire. Dad belonged to one such company and after all the equipment, which was then new, had been received and the men trained, it was decided to hold an exhibition for the townspeople. The four fire companies, hose carts shining, the men dressed in their best, lined up for the start of a race. The men were to pull the carts about 100 yards, connect the hose to a hydrant and spray the losers with water. Dad's team was leading the race until one of the men fell down and the rest of them ran over him, thereby losing the race and getting a good soaking in the bargain.

Tragedy!

Epidemics of various kinds were not uncommon in Jerome but one epidemic of scarlet fever was so much more severe than those that had preceded it that it was to be long remembered by those living in the town at the time. This epidemic was especially deadly to the Mexicans, Indians and foreigners who were living in overly crowded quarters and under unsanitary conditions. Many of their children were dying and yellow quarantine flags became a familiar sight and more and more numerous as the days went by. Schools were closed and business was at a standstill, meetings and congregating were prohibited and children were kept indoors or close at home. The pitiful sight of lonely funeral processions, creeping past our house on the way to the cemetery became a daily occurrence. Most of the children's caskets or wooden boxes would be carried on the shoulder of some family member while the few mourners would follow sadly behind. These sad processions left a deep impression on me which, to the present day, is still very real. Each day after returning home from town, Dad would bathe and change clothing on the back porch before entering the house to lessen the chance of contagion to the family. None of us ever caught the disease and after several weeks it apparently ran its course and the town slowly returned to normal.

School Days

The Jerome school that I attended was in a two-story building with the second story entrance being from an outside stairway. The school principal, Mr. Scudder, was a stern, unsmiling sort of man but one who tried to be fair and just when it came to handing out punishment to the students when the occasion demanded, which was quite often, due in part to the desegregated type of school that it was. One afternoon, just before

school began, I was standing on the second floor landing at the top of the stairs, when I was hit, either accidentally or intentionally by a Mexican boy, on the back of my neck, just then the site of a very painful boil. Before trying to determine whether or not the blow was accidental, I knocked the boy over the banister which was around the landing, to the ground below. Fortunately it did no more damage to the Mexican boy than to knock the wind out of him. Mr. Scudder lost no time looking into the matter and then gave me a good licking with a strap. Worse still, he told Dad about the incident and when I returned home I received a second licking from Dad. I had not then heard of the double jeopardy clause or I would have been yelling for my constitutional rights. For some time after the incident I carried a pocketful of rocks as a means of protection against the friends of the boy whom I had pushed over the banister. It was not long however, before all the hard feelings were erased and we were again on friendly terms.

Burros

In and around Jerome there were hundreds of burros to which nobody claimed ownership. These small, stubborn, lovable animals roamed the hills, foraging for themselves and apparently making out very well. At times one or more burros would be waiting at our back door, like dogs, in the hope that some table scraps would be thrown to them and, if not, they would lick the labels off any tin cans they could find.

Occasionally some Mexican would round up a herd of from ten to twenty burros and head for the high mountain country to gather cedar wood, later to be sold in Jerome as firewood. Since firewood was very scarce in Jerome there was always a good market for all that was offered for sale. Each burro would be fitted with a pack saddle on which the wood was racked until all that you could see of the burro was his head, feet and tail. The wood sold in Jerome for $1.00 per burro load and it took eight burro loads to make one cord.

Many times I would catch a burro and, with a piece of rope or bailing wire for a halter, climb on his back and imagine that I was riding a mean, bucking bronco. The only trouble was that the burro had a mind of his own and he never wanted to act like a mean bucking bronco; instead he just wouldn't act at all, but would only stall and when a burro made up his mind to stall nothing short of a fire under him would cause him to move. For situations of this kind I carried in my pocket a spike nail which, when jabbed sharply in the burro's flank, would cause him to explode and take off in one direction or another. These sure-footed, docile little animals were the world's best when it came to climbing mountain trails with heavy loads.

I did find though, in riding a burro down hill, it was best to turn around backwards, grab the burro's tail and hang on to keep from sliding forward and over his head.

Alcoholic Burro

There was one burro in Jerome that was especially well known to many people. His name was "Drunk", by reason of his fondness for beer. Each saloon had a wash basin placed just inside the swinging doors, into which customers would, when so inclined, pour a mug of beer. Drunk would amble up one side of the street and down the other. Stopping at each saloon, he would push through the swinging doors and stand at his wash basin until someone would fill the pan with beer. After slurping up all of the beer given him, he would then proceed to the next saloon and repeat the performance. Needless to say that by the end of the day Drunk was really drunk and would stagger all over the sidewalk before going someplace to sleep it off.

On one occasion an old prospector, leading his burro packed with his gear and belongings, stopped at our house and knocked on the door. He said that he had been bitten on the end of his finger by a "Hydrophobia" skunk and not wanting to take any chances with rabies infection, he had placed the end of his finger over the muzzle of his rifle and pulled the trigger, thereby eliminating the possibility of rabies and, at the same time, the end of his finger. Dad cleaned the wound, wrapped it and sent the man on his way to town to see a doctor. I guess the old man recovered but I never heard of him again.

On a recent visit to Jerome I did not see a single burro. They had all disappeared and I must say that I experienced a real twinge of regret for the passing of my boyhood days and of my best friend, the stubborn, gentle little burro.

Dad made many trips to the mines and settlements around Jerome, riding a horse and leading one or more pack mules carrying large canvas bags filled with meat, groceries and supplies for the store customers. At other times he drove a pair of skittish young mules named Dunder and Blitzen, hitched to a light spring wagon. He was delivering a load of dynamite to a nearby mine when the mules became frightened and ran away. In trying to get them around a sharp curve on the downhill road, the wagon was turned over and wrecked; the mules tore up their harness and rolled or slid down the hill for about a hundred feet; Dad jumped from the wagon before it turned over but the dynamite did not explode. This accident did not keep Dad from repeating the same trip with Dunder and Blitzen many times during the months to follow.

Aunt Inez, Mother's sister, her husband Carroll Bush and their young son Donald visited with us in Jerome. Uncle Carroll worked for the B&O in Seymour, Indiana and this being their first visit to the Western country, they were very much impressed by the Indians, the town of Jerome and the country in general. In later years they were to make repeated visits to the area to enjoy the sunshine and the scenery.

Decline of a Town

Along about this time (1908) the copper in the Jerome mines began to play out. Production was down and men were being fired. People were leaving town every day for other parts of the country. It was decided then that we would follow the example of many others and leave, in fact return to Indiana. Mother and we children would travel with Uncle Carroll and Aunt Inez, and Dad would stay in Jerome until he could sell the house, after which he would follow as soon as possible. In order to make full use of the B&O Railroad pass held by Uncle Carroll, I would for this trip be his son and Donald, Lois, Ted and Perry would be the Miller kids, thus saving the cost of a half fare. So it was that early one morning, we all climbed aboard the narrow gauge train and after waving goodbye to Dad, set forth on the long five-day-and-night trip from Jerome back to the old home state of Indiana.

It was to be half a century before I would again see the quaint and colorful town of Jerome, at which time it would appear as only a shell of its former robust and rowdy self. A ghost town, so publicized, with its buildings empty, shabby, forlorn and slowly sliding down the mountainside. It was not hard, however, while looking at the vacant street and empty buildings, to visualize the boom town as it was when I was a boy, the streets filled with people of many nationalities, horses, mules, burros, saloons, mud street and duck board sidewalks.

So much for the old time Jerome, Adios, Adios.

INDIANA

Back to Indiana

THE LONG TRAIN TRIP back to Indiana was uneventful, except for the time that Lois locked herself in the Pullman washroom. It took the combined efforts of the conductor and the family to talk her out of that predicament but in time their efforts were successful and Lois was liberated. Then there was the man on the train who, when he heard that one of our party was feeling ill, readily proffered his pint of whiskey. Mother thanked the man for his kindness but refused his gift.

Grandfather Hays had retired from farming and he and Grandmother lived in a large two-story house at 3rd and Elm Streets in Seymour. Grandfather was, as I remember, a tall, kindly man, grey haired and with a big mustache. He was at this time a watchman for the B&O Railroad at a busy down-town crossing. He loved music, liked to sing and was the leader of the choir and worked with other musical groups. Grandfather was the son of Abraham Hays (born May 5, 1810) from Belmont County, Ohio, and Rachel (Meyers) Hays. He served for several years in the Union Army and engaged in several Civil War battles, among which were Lookout Mountain, Shiloh and Chickamauga. He married Grandmother Sarah Ellen soon after his return from war.

Grandmother Hays had in her home a large, ornate front parlor which was not used except on special occasions or on Sundays. There were sliding doors between the living-dining room and the parlour which were kept closed except when the parlor was in use. I remember this room because of the many interesting objects to be found there. The old organ, the mandolin, the guitar and many music racks helped make this room the center of numerous musical get-togethers, where group singing to the accompaniment of one or more musical instruments was a common occurrence. Several large family photographs in gilt frames were hung on the walls and placed on easels about the room. A three dimensional stereopticon viewer with slides showing Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon and many other well-known landmarks was handy and received much use. This room was the gathering place for friends, neighbors and church groups who loved to sing for the pure joy of singing.

During an early visit to the home of Grandmother Hays, the family were all sitting downstairs one evening when I decided to go to our upstairs bedroom. A kerosene lamp was lighted and sitting on a dresser. In trying to move the lamp from the dresser to a table, the chimney toppled off and in

my excitement I dropped the lamp itself. The lamp and the area around it were immediately engulfed in flames. I yelled and one of my Aunts, I can't remember which one, rushed up the stairs and after quickly appraising the situation, proceeded to plop herself down and over the burning lamp and carpet. The large, voluminous skirt that my Aunt was wearing quickly smothered the flames, no doubt saving the house from being burned down.

We soon went to Brownstown to visit Grandfather and Grandmother Miller, who had moved to town after retiring from their farm. Grandfather Eli Warren was the son of John Perry and Elsie (Applegate) Miller and the grandson of Abraham and Ann Margaret Miller. Catherine, a daughter of Abraham and Ann Margaret, was the first white child to be born in Jackson County, at Fort Vallonia in the year 1811.

I spent the fall and winter (1908) with my Grandparents Miller in Brownstown and the rest of the family stayed with my Grandparents Hays in Seymour. Grandfather Miller also served in the Union Army during the Civil War but did not talk to me at any length about his experiences during the war years. He did, however, like to sit in his rocking chair, smoke his pipe (he had a shoebox full of clay pipes with bamboo stems), and hold forth on life in general.

The old home farm was on White River, just a short distance from Brownstown. It was here that Dad and all of his brothers and sisters lived when they were small and until they were grown. Due to periodic spring flooding of White River, part of the farm was at times completely inundated, including the farm yard and the ground surrounding the house. Thus, at times the only way to get to town was by boat, one of which was kept tied to the porch railing when the river was flooding. Because of the floods, the farm bottom land was unusually rich and productive, yielding enormous crops of corn and other farm products.

Big Fish

Grandfather told of the time that Dad and his brother Oscar were fishing in the river from an old dug-out canoe which was no more than a log that had been hollowed out and the ends shaped up. The boys suddenly hooked a fish and the struggle to land it began. The fish turned out to be a sixty-pound catfish with plenty of fight. The dug-out at best was a very unstable craft and as a platform for landing the big fish, it was next to worthless. However, after several minutes they did succeed in pulling the fish aboard the canoe, where the fight continued. Part of the time, Dad or Uncle Oscar would be on top, with the fish in the bottom of the canoe and then the fish would be on top with one or both of the boys on the bottom. Finally they managed to get the canoe ashore with the fish and immediately

became the heroes of the countryside with numerous cuts, scratches and bruises to bear out their story of the struggle with the big catfish.

One day while cutting weeds and grubbing brush, Uncle Oscar slashed into a yellow jacket nest. The insects emerged in force, circled him for a moment, making angry buzzing sounds, before they all began to attack him at once. Yelling, running and flailing his arms, he headed for the river, screaming "yellow jackets, yellow jackets," as loud as he could, before diving head first into the stream, which promptly delivered him from the yellow jackets but not before he had received several very painful stings.

The Miller children attended the nearest school which was located in Brownstown. The Miller boys were the butt of many jokes and sarcastic remarks from the city boys about their manner of dress, which was strictly country and barefoot, unless the weather was too cold. It fell upon Dad to act as the protector of Dave, who was the youngest of the brothers, and, as a result, both Dad and Dave were involved in numerous fist fights with the town boys. Black eyes, torn clothing and bloody noses were the usual outcome of the fights.

Grandmother Miller

Grandmother Miller was a wonderful Grandmother for a boy of my age, always doing things to please me and to make me happy. The two of us made a pumpkin Jack-O-Lantern which, with a lighted candle inside, was placed on the front-step on Hallowe'en night. In some manner the candle became dislodged and before we were aware of it had burned a large black spot on the step. Quickly Grandmother fetched a can of paint and a brush and proceeded to repaint the entire step before Grandfather returned from town. When he did return, Grandfather didn't notice or at least didn't mention the newly-painted step.

On one occasion, having watched Grandfather prime the pump in the yard by pouring some water down the top and then pumping the handle up and down several times until the water began to pour out the spout, I decided the next day to repeat the performance myself. Everything, no doubt, would have worked out all right, if I had used water for the primer instead of sand. Pouring sand down the pump was, I found out later, not a very good idea and caused Grandfather to have to pull the pump and clean it out and while so doing, deliver to me a stern lecture on the proper care and handling of pumps.

I soon saw the first snowfall that I can remember and with it the weather turned bitterly cold. My room contained, among other things, a featherbed mattress and several hand-made quilts. Each night, before going to bed, Grandmother would fill the old fashioned bed warmer, a pan

with a long wooden handle, with hot coals from the kitchen stove and then slide the pan around and around between the sheets until the bed was warm and comfortable before letting me get in.

Uncle Dave once spent the night with us and slept with me on the featherbed. Before the night was over, Uncle Dave had, in his sleep, pushed me out the backside of the bed near the wall. Grandmother heard the noise and found me on the floor under the bed, whereupon she not so gently shook Dave awake and gave him one of the worst scoldings that he had had in a long time.

I still remember the wonderful breakfasts that Grandmother would prepare each morning. Eggs scrambled, poached or fried with milk toast, oatmeal and jelly or preserves, all prepared and eaten in the big kitchen, near the warmth of the wood burning kitchen stove.

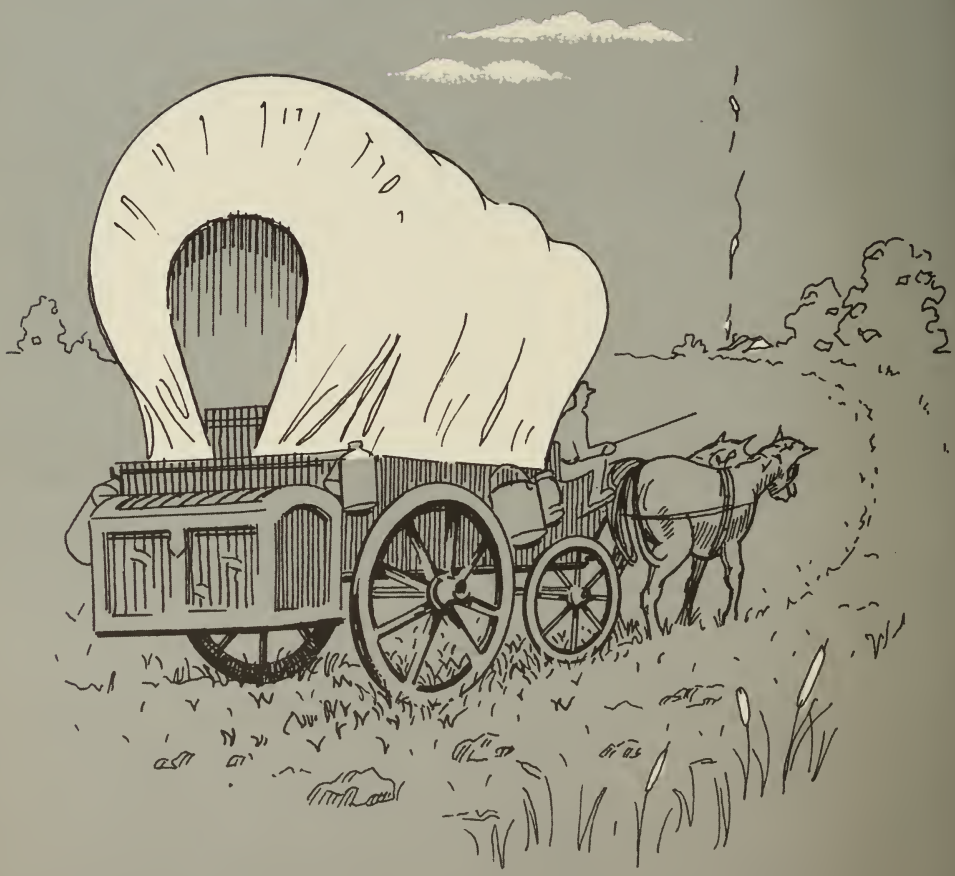
It had been intended that I enter the Brownstown school, although the school year had already started. But due to the fact that I had spent so much time outside playing in the snow, to which I was completely unaccustomed, I developed a very serious cold which delayed my entering school until the season was too far advanced to do so.

Anyway the travel bug had bitten again and our family were soon to be on their way to a new home, in the new boom town of Tulsa, in the new State of Oklahoma.

WE MOVE AGAIN

Oklahoma

(Choctaw word, meaning home of the Red People)



An excerpt from the "Oklahoma Story" by Mrs. Walter Ferguson (Lucia Loomis) 1888-1962, is I believe well worth repeating here to emphasize the rich historical background of the old Indian Territory, the old Oklahoma Territory and the joining of the two, forming the rich new state of Oklahoma.

From the "Oklahoma Story"

I am never surprised to find many out-of-state people who know very little about Oklahoma. I assure you that a great many Oklahomans know very little about Oklahoma, its origins and history.

I happen to be a native daughter, and am distinguished only by the fact that I was born in a town that no longer exists, in a state that no longer exists—namely Bogey Depot, Indian Territory. My lovely sequestered village has long since fallen into decay and the Indian Territory lost its name and identity when it became a part of Oklahoma, the 46th state, in 1907.

The history of Oklahoma is rich in romantic lore, dramatic events, dizzying changes. Yet states, like individuals, are the products of their heredity. Ours is an inheritance of sorrow, injustice, persecution, betrayal and home-sickness. Our soil has been watered by the tears of thousands of displaced persons driven from their homes at the point of a bayonet. I am always a bit amused when I hear Americans berate countries that have taken over the home of other religions and races. For our government has a black record here. It made refugees out of many Indian tribes. It confiscated their lands, and gave their homes to the covetous white man. It forced families to leave their dear family haunts, and to move into uncultivated far away places.

Few events in history are more replete with human tragedy than the removal of the Cherokees from their homes in North Carolina and neighboring states. It is still spoken of as the Trail of Tears. On that sad trek, many people died of exposure, hunger and sheer grief. No Cherokee today but holds a residue of bitterness in his heart about this long-past event, even though the feeling may be subconscious. Nostalgia has left an acid flavor in our roots. It would seem strange if it were otherwise. I forgive Oklahoma many shortcomings because of it.

We are, of course proud of the farsighted, thrifty, industrious men and women who came West in covered wagons and built a civilization in the wilderness. But we know that with them came also a tatterdemalion crew

of gamblers, ne'er-do-wells and criminals—a hodge podge of citizens who had failed in life, and to whom all frontiers spelled adventure and easy wealth. They have also left their stamp on the state.

Oklahoma suffers from a split personality.

If you will draw an imaginary line straight up and down through the middle of the state, you have on the west Old Oklahoma Territory, a vast expanse of plains country, which had been given as a reservation to certain blanket Indian tribes. They lived there much as they had ever lived, in tepees, with their nomadic wanderings subscribed to a more limited area.

On the other side you have the old Indian Territory, and these two sections of what is now one state were different in every respect—topography, vegetation and racial tradition. The West was a grassy plain that rose and eventually became the foothills of the Rockies—a long, treeless stretch which was called the short grass country, and where later great herds of cattle were grazed on the drives from Texas to the markets in Kansas. This region was the home of the world beloved American figure—and hero—the cowboy. The eastern half offers more varied scenes. There were found forests, hills, lush vegetation and much mineral wealth. But the most marked difference in these two areas was in the type of people who settled them.

Most Americans think of Oklahoma as having its beginnings at the time of the first run; they do not realize that the Indian Territory side had an established culture long before that date. The natives of the eastern half are always a bit nettled to meet so many who are unacquainted with their interesting history. Today, the two largest cities in Oklahoma are Tulsa and Oklahoma City. I believe that much of the conflict between them is a profound enmity of racial traits.

Again draw an imaginary line across the state. It will follow almost exactly the old Mason and Dixon line which separated North from South before the Civil War. Here the divergencies are equally extreme. The Northwestern section was settled largely by Unionists, whose Grandfathers had fought with the Union Army. They were descended from abolitionists, and were proud of it. I went to live in that area immediately after my marriage and, having left a locality that was essentially southern to its very bones, I felt that I had been transplanted into an alien land. It was there that I discovered a strange human inconsistency; the people living there, who boasted of their abolitionist forbears, refused to allow a Negro to stay overnight in the town or country. To this very day, there are very few blacks in that section.

By contrast, the Southeastern part of Oklahoma was imbued with the customs and traditions of the deep South. Even today, it is known as Little Dixie. The Archangel Gabriel could not be elected dog catcher if he ran on the Republican ticket.

I emphasize these differences in order to stress the fact that it has taken and will still take a great deal of effort to weld these two various groups—North and South, Indian and White—into a unified whole, a single culture.

OKLAHOMA

Tulsa

I AM ALSO INDEBTED to Angie Debo and her book, TULSA, CREEK TOWN TO OIL CAPITAL, for a most interesting and, I believe, authentic historical account of the early days of Tulsa and of the Indian tribes, whose people were its inhabitants for at least the last one hundred and thirty years. Much of the information, facts and figures contained in the following short summary, have been taken from the book TULSA by Angie Debo.

THE FIRST HISTORIC TULSA was a thriving Creek Indian village in what is now Randolph County, Alabama, when DeSoto passed through the place in 1540. The name "Tulsa" (originally spelled Tulsey or Tulsee) is a shortened pronunciation of Talasi or a contraction of Tullahassee or Tallahassee, meaning "Old Town".

Due primarily to white encroachments and land cessions and under an agreement or treaty, the United States Government began moving the Creek Indians from their homes in Georgia and Alabama to west of the Mississippi, into the Indian Territory in 1833. Most of the Creek immigrants were of the Lockopoka, Big Springs, Coweta and Broken Arrow tribes. Several mixed blood families, of which the Perrymans were one, followed the tribes, taking with them their belongings, livestock and numerous slaves. It is said that 48% of the 565 Creeks making the historic trip died in the attempt. Hunger, privation and extreme suffering took an unusually high toll of lives.

Indian History

The agreed boundary between the Creek and Cherokee Nations was Edison Street in the north part of Tulsa and running east on Highway 33 for about thirty miles with the Cherokees on the north and the Creeks on the south of this boundary line. Directly to the west of the Cherokees were the Osages with the Pawnees, Poncas and Tonkawas farther on to the west. To the south of the Creeks were the Sac-Fox and Euches while in the Southeastern part of the Indian Territory were the Choctaws and other tribes. The five civilized tribes were the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles and Cherokees. All other Indian tribes were known as the wild tribes and were located in other parts of the Indian and old Oklahoma Territories.

The Lockopokas in 1833, established their tribal headquarters at what is now 1703 S. Cheyenne Street, Tulsa and set their "ceremonial fire" which they had carried with them intact from the old Tulsa in Alabama to the new Tulsa in Indian Territory. Their meetings were held under a large oak tree, later known as the "Ceremonial Oak" which is standing to this day. Here they built what was known as a "Creek Square", around the four sides of

which were the governmental, ceremonial and other buildings including living quarters or cabins for tribal members. Here it was that the laws were made, provisions for their enforcement adopted and punishment suitable to the crimes committed, meted out.

I am sure that these old tribesmen or their descendants, near the turn of the century, while sitting around their ceremonial fire, could not have, in the wildest stretch of their imagination, envisioned, just a few miles east of Tulsa, near Coweta, an apparition, rising from the prairie, a giant triangular steel tower, the K.T.U.L. television antenna, poking its head 1909 feet into the sky. It is the second highest structure in the world (the antenna at Fargo, N.D. is 2063 feet). Television, a new science, a new industry, unheard of, unknown to the old Creek councilmen, or to anyone else for that matter, yet there it is, serving more than one and one-half million people and all of it having taken place within the life span of the younger tribesmen around that council fire.

Missionaries

Robert M. Loughbridge and his wife, Presbyterian missionaries, formed the first school in Tulsa in 1843. This was a mission school and the forerunner of the present day First Presbyterian Church. In 1840, James Perryman organized a Baptist Church at Broken Arrow and became its first minister.

The United States Government in 1857, reached an agreement with the Creeks and made a settlement of $500,000 to reimburse them for lands that had been taken over in Georgia and Alabama. This amounted to a per capita payment of $36.75, which was paid to the Creeks, $20.10 in 1857 and $16.65 in 1859.

The Lockopokas were in the process of transition from communal farms and living habits to individually operated farms and separate living establishments. Through this change many of the individual Indians were to acquire large land holdings, many head of cattle and other livestock.

With the advent of the Civil War, the mixed blood ranchers, owning many slaves and relatively well off, were as a rule sympathetic to the South, while the full bloods, still trying to follow the terms of their treaty, generally sided with the North. The Creek Nation was, therefore, split politically, as were the Cherokees, with the result that Tulsa was burned and destroyed during the fighting and skirmishes that ensued. The Civil War ended late in the Indian Territory. Stand Watie and his Cherokees did not surrender until June 23, 1865; he was probably the last officer of the Confederacy to lay down his arms. During the Civil War 24 per cent of the Creeks listed on the tribal rolls were killed or missing, leaving only 364 Creeks in 1867.

After the close of the Civil War, those Creeks who could, returned to their homes in and around Tulsa, re-establishing their tribal headquarters and taking up their lives where they had left off five years earlier.

The first Post Office was established in Tulsa in 1879. It was located in a store operated by George Perryman. A new mail route began operating and was a part of the pony express service that ran from Vinita, I.T. to Las Vegas, N.M.

The Frisco Railroad was extended from Vinita and finally reached Tulsa in 1882. The immediate result of the coming of the railroad was a big boom in every business activity of the town, especially in the cattle shipping business. Indian, mixed blood and white ranchers all began using the facilities available at Tulsa to dispose of their cattle herds which were held for shipments to markets in Missouri, Kansas and other points north. The Arkansas river crossing was a hazard to the herds coming from the west, and during Tulsa's first year as a cow town the railway officials decided to bridge the stream; they estimated that they could thereby intercept fifteen hundred carloads of cattle that were being driven to the north during 1883. In April they began the construction of a temporary bridge, and stockyards were built four miles beyond the river at the junction of the trail from the Sac and Fox Agency and the Red Fork trail from the Cimarron.

The breaking up of the Indian regime began in the western part of the Indian Territory. Indians of that region were gradually allotted individual farms, and by a series of dramatic "Runs", beginning in 1889, the surplus land was thrown open to the homesteaders. The white settlers were then organized to form the Territory of Oklahoma.

Oklahoma Run

Tulsa felt the stirring of this mighty movement. One of the western land openings was close to the town—the run into the Cherokee Outlet in the fall of 1893. In preparation for this settlement, the government ordered the cattlemen to remove their herds, and many of the longhorns were turned on the Creek range. As the time for the opening approached, homeseekers in every possible kind of conveyance began to pass through Tulsa on their way west. The oldtimers still remember rickety wagons looking as though they could hardly hold together, with jaunty mottoes crudely painted on their canvas covers. One read:

In God we trusted,
In Kansas we busted.
Now let'er rip
For the Cherokee Strip.

When the signal was given at high noon, the wild race started. Two young unmarried women ran on foot about one hundred yards west and drove their stakes. Part of the present Keystone is built on their land.

Tulsa was incorporated on January 18, 1898, the same year that the Indian land allotments in the eastern part of Indian Territory were begun. With the allotment of land to each individual Indian, the beginning of the end of the great mixed blood cattle barons was in sight. Each Creek was allotted 160 acres of land and if the family of a farmer or rancher was not large enough to receive sufficient acreage thereby, to equal the acreage of the farm or ranch previously held, a reduction of his holdings was made accordingly. The era of Tulsa as a cow town was just about over.

Oil!

Dr. Fred S. Clinton and Dr. J. C. W. Bland struck the first oil in or around Tulsa in 1901. The oil was discovered on allotted land belonging to Mrs. Bland on the north edge of Red Fork. The well came in for about 100 barrels per day, producing from a formation at 539 feet. The discovery of oil precipitated an immediate rush to Tulsa of oil scouts, lease men and others trying to lease all of the likely looking acreage in the vicinity.

The Indian land allotments, as already stated, resulted in each Creek receiving 160 acres, the Cherokees 110 acres each and the Osages 659.52 acres each. Unlike the Creeks and the Cherokees, the Osages retained the tribal ownership of all of the mineral rights on the land allotted, a policy that was to have far-reaching effects on the economic well-being of the tribe in the years to come.

The M.K.&T., as well as the Santa Fe Railroad, completed their lines into Tulsa in 1904. W. N. Robinson was just completing his three-story brick hotel, a Chamber of Commerce had just been organized, while churches, banks and schools were becoming more numerous.

The completion of a wagon bridge in 1904 across the Arkansas River by three Tulsans was of enormous value to the citizens of the fast growing community, especially since oil had recently been discovered and drilling operations were mostly south and west of the City.

On the eve of Statehood (November 16, 1907), Tulsa had a population of 7298 and was fairly bursting at the seams. The last traces of the old, easy going Indian regime were being swept away. Except for a few land restrictions the entire area was open to the white man's enterprise. All of the varied elements for an explosion of population and civic enterprise, such as never before had been experienced, were now present in the vicinity of Tulsa: oil, railroads, coal, land speculation, banking facilities and civic minded citizens to get behind every worthwhile project. Tulsa was on its

way; there was just no way to stop it; confident and undismayed then, even as in 1965, ever lifting its eyes to the rising sun of a bright new day.

A Tribune editorial in 1965 entitled "the wild old days" is interesting and amusing and is repeated here in part.

Boom Towns

"The Oklahoma boom towns of the nineteen twenties were miserable collections of shacks and shanties fronting streets of mud or dust. The Oklahoma road system was so bad that the Gypsy Oil Company wrote off its field cars every 90 days. Everybody just took the heat; no air conditioning, no lakes. The rich fled to Colorado or Minnesota; but the average man, if he had a car, was lucky to get to Arkansas. Boom time Oklahoma was lively. It was a great age to describe to your grandchildren. But we wouldn't want it back again even if we could become equal partners with a young Iowa wildcatter named Frank Phillips.

"Oklahoma has come a long way—thank Heaven!"

Arrival in Tulsa

The Miller family, Dad, Mother, Lois, Ted, Perry and myself arrived in Tulsa on February 10, 1909 and settled temporarily in a small brick house located at 301 N. Detroit Street. (The site is now occupied by a three-story warehouse building.) Dad found employment with the Radcliff-Saunders Wholesale Grocery Company. After a few days buying the bare necessities of furniture and getting settled, Lois and I entered the old North Side School (Sequoyah), where I was started in the third grade and Lois in the first. It was all very new and strange to us and quite different from the schools in Jerome.

There was a considerable amount of brick pavement in the downtown Tulsa area and streets were being paved farther into the outlying districts every day. On unpaved streets there were many blocks of brick and some concrete sidewalks. Very few houses were wired for electricity but most of them had natural gas available for light and heating. The old style clay gas mantle with chimney furnished a fair but flickering light, better than a kerosene lamp but not as good as the electric light.

The gas service of 1910 was anything but dependable and on the colder winter days the pressure would drop until there was not sufficient heat to boil water. Many of the homes used a combination type stove that would burn either coal, wood or gas for the assurance of keeping warm in the event of a gas failure. Needless to say that in time, after the improvement of gas distribution systems, storage facilities and producing properties, the natural gas service became very dependable, cheap, clean and no doubt contributed in no small part to the future development of Tulsa.

City's Growing Pains

The city sanitary sewer system was not extended for any great distance from the business area and as a result, outside privies were a common sight along each side of residential alleyways. City water was generally available for only the close in areas, at fire hydrants and at horse watering troughs, of which there were many on the downtown street corners. The only water then available in the city mains was from the Arkansas River, usually muddy and not fit for human consumption. If you did not have a well of your own, you made arrangements with a neighbor who did have one and carried your water from there. Most of the citizens depended on private wells and bottled water for home consumption.

We did not consider having to make use of a "Chic Sale" on the alley any great inconvenience or hardship, since never before had we known or had the use of anything better. The cold in the winter and the heat and mud daubers in the summer did however, offer some problems but nothing more than some of the natural hazards that had to be overcome in our way of life. On pleasantly cool days the Sears-Roebuck catalogue could and did become a most interesting and educational piece of literature with which to while away some idle time. I can't for the life of me remember whether the design on our Chic Sale was a Star or a Crescent. Oh well, what difference does it make now?

We soon moved to a house on West First Street near Phoenix, where we had our own water well but no piped in water, nor were we wired for electricity and we still had to use a Chic Sale. It was in this house that brother James Benton was born on May 1, 1910, the youngest of five children. Lois and I still attended the North Side school since it was closest to where we lived. The West Side Irving School was not opened until 1911 or 1912. This meant that we had to walk about two miles to and from school, which we did, carrying our lunch in half gallon lard pails with holes punched in the lids for ventilation which, on some occasions, was about the only thing that was inside the pails. Our school lunches were, as a rule, not fancy but filling and we were usually so hungry by noon that we could eat anything available.

Located on property adjacent to where the Roosevelt Junior High School now stands was the brick plant. This plant made most of the bricks that were then being used for paving, sidewalks and construction going on in Tulsa. The brick pit was a huge hole in the ground that covered about two acres and was about one hundred feet deep. After the plant was shut down, years later, the hole became partially filled with water, creating a hazard that was to take one or two lives before the city acquired the property and, over a period of years, filled the hole with successive layers of sand and garbage until it was level with the surrounding property. This old brick pit became a natural rendezvous for most of the neighborhood boys, that is when the owners did not run us away.

Boyhood Days

Near the brick plant was the Slaughter House, where we watched with great interest everything that took place there and in the process received a liberal education in the methods employed to turn a full grown steer into steaks, hamburger, roasts and stew meat. We even became accustomed to the smell; blood, hides and hair that was all a part of the process. From the time that the steer was goaded up the chute, we followed

closely (to the annoyance of the help) every step in the process. The unlucky steer would be hit just above the eyes with a heavy, long handled, ballpean hammer which would drop him like a rock, the throat would be cut and the carcass hung on a conveyor belt to bleed and then skinned. As soon as the hide was off, the steer would be drawn and quartered and pushed into the cooling room to age. It's certainly strange just what things a kid will remember.

Many of the hot summer days were spent with friends under the shade of a tree, playing mumbletypeg, shooting marbles or just spinning tall tales. One of our favorite pastimes was gigging frogs in the sloughs and ponds along the railroad right-of-way to Sand Springs. There was always a good market for fresh frogs legs, when we didn't want to eat them ourselves. After catching all the frogs that we could for the day, we would take them (usually in a gunny sack) to the back door of the Brady Hotel at Main and Archer Streets, where the cook would gladly give us a dime each for the frogs, if they were large ones.

Many afternoons we spent swimming and playing in the Arkansas River near the site of the old water works and the present Newblock Park. There we had a deep hole and convenient wild grape vine on which we could swing far out over the water before turning loose for the grand splash.

In season there would always be plenty of wild grapes, strawberries, blackberries and plums that could be picked. We had wild plum jelly and preserves on the table so often that to this day I dislike them both. Sheep Sorrell, when sufficiently sweetened, made a very tasty pie, tart and with something of the taste of rhubarb. Mullen leaves when gathered and dried, made a suitable (at least to us) substitute for tobacco to be used in hand rolled cigarettes. The oil from crushed mullen leaves, when warmed and dropped into the ear, made an excellent remedy for earache. Elderberries were widely used for winemaking, however the only use that we had for them was for coloring our faces, to give us the look of wild Indians. We did, however, use the elderberry stalks for making whistles, as we also did with slippery elm, because with a small amount of tapping, the bark would slide easily from the wood and could then be replaced after the whistle was carved from the wood.

Dock, polk greens and Indian onions were plentiful each spring, growing in the fields and along the roadsides. Quite a lot of resistance was encountered from Mother when we would bring these items home for her to cook, because she was never quite sure which were poisonous and which were not.

Old Bob Ortner lived on the hill just west of Owen Park and for a living made horseradish. Bob was a kindly old soul and we could always be sure that he would pay top price for the jars we scrounged for him and in which

he packed his product, "Bob Ortner's Horseradish". I spent a lot of time working for Bob, washing jars, grinding turnips and horseradish and labelling bottles. Bob's horseradish was supposed to be the best and was sold in many Tulsa stores. I don't know just how good it was because I never tasted it and had no desire to.

The old house where we lived on the corner of Olympia and Archer Streets was run down and dilapidated, cold in the winter and hot in the summer. Layers of newspapers were placed under the living room rug to help keep the wind from blowing through the cracks in the floor. There were, however, some things in its favor; the rent was low and there was a large hickory nut tree in the back yard. This huge tree offered a wonderful place for a tree house or platform with its large, sturdy limbs and plenty of foliage for shade. With the help of kids in the family and neighborhood friends, pieces of lumber were scrounged from the surrounding area and we succeeded in building a very presentable as well as a sturdy tree platform. A ladder was made and nailed to the tree trunk to assist in getting up and down and a rope attached to an old water pail made it possible to quickly haul up fresh supplies of nourishment or anything else that was needed. With the addition of several old blankets the tree platform was a fine place to while away a hot afternoon reading from "Rags to Riches" or the "Rover Boys".

Flush Toilet

Another thing I remember about this home was that it had a flush toilet on the back of the lot, over the sewer. It was the kind of toilet which, when you sat down on the seat, the water would start flushing with an unusual amount of noise and spray. In addition to the damp, noisy flushing of the toilet, distraction enough in itself, there were big rats in the sewer line. They could be heard and seen during the more quiet moments.

The old house was later demolished to make way for a more modern home or duplex.

During my childhood, the family acquired, in one manner or another, several dogs, none of which I remember better than the large, black, part shepherd mutt we called Blackie. It was almost impossible to keep Blackie from following me everywhere I went and one morning he followed me to Coulson's Grocery Store on west Archer Street, a few blocks from where we lived. When we were almost at the store we passed a home where the housewife was doing her morning cleaning and had the front door standing open. Sleeping under the living room library table was a large bird dog. Blackie spied the dog under the table and immediately growled and made a dash for him, jumping on the sleeping bird dog with all the fury he could

display when aroused. I ran into the living room and was trying to separate the two fighting dogs, by choking Blackie and kicking at the bird dog. It was about this time that the lady of the house appeared on the scene with a broom in her hand which she at once started to use with a surprising amount of vigor, on me and the two dogs while all of the time yelling at the top of her voice. I still think that I received more swats from the broom than did the dogs before we all found ourselves out in the front yard. I can't say that I blame the poor housewife for being mad, since she had been working away, in her own home, minding her own business, her dog sleeping peacefully under the library table, when suddenly all Hell broke loose in her own living room, so naturally she had a right to be upset.

When I returned home Mother asked me why it had taken so long to get the groceries and I told her the whole story after which she admonished me to use a leash on Blackie the next time that I took him for a walk.

Friendly Neighbors

The Gebhardt family, father, mother and four sons lived across the street from us on Olympia. They had moved to Tulsa from the small mining town of Granby, Missouri and Mr. Gebhardt was then working as an engineer at the brick plant near Owen Park. Mrs. Gebhardt was a large good natured lady who liked to cook, eat and tell comical stories of her life in Missouri. She had a pet squirrel which had the run of the house but had picked the top of the dining room cupboard as its favorite perch. From this lofty post the squirrel would jump upon the arm or shoulder of any unsuspecting visitors and immediately explore all of his pockets, looking for candy or any morsel of food. The squirrel was, however, very well behaved and upon a command from Mrs. Gebhardt would retire to the top of the cupboard where it would sit and chirp.

In the afternoons Mrs. Gebhardt would get her knitting, her sewing basket and her cigar box filled with Granger Twist tobacco and deposit herself in her rocking chair on the front porch, there to rock, knit and puff her clay pipe for a couple of hours of pure peace, contentment and happiness. For her kindness to small boys and her pleasant good natured manner to all, I will always remember her.

After discussing the matter for some time, Charley Gebhardt and I decided to go into the junk business. We obtained four secondhand wheelbarrow wheels and worked diligently building a wagon with high wooden sideboards and a tongue or handle with which it could be pulled. With this wagon we collected junk from all over town and hauled it to one of several junk yards where we would haggle like old timers over the modest prices that were offered by the dealers. Our main source of income was

from the sale of bottles and metal, especially bits and pieces of copper and lead which brought the highest prices of anything that we had to sell. The bottles were sold to the soft drink dealers or to the hard drink dealers depending upon the kind of bottles we happened to have. We didn't make much money out of the junk venture but what we did make was shared equally and a large part of my share was saved to help with school expenses.

Young Businessman

At one time I acquired a paper route on the old "Tulsa Democrat" (now the Tulsa Tribune). The office and plant of the Democrat was located on the west side of Boulder between First and Second Streets and we picked up our papers in the alley behind the plant. My paper route covered an area of several blocks just north of the Frisco track and between Main and Cheyenne Streets. Having this paper route was for me an education in itself, providing as it did, and to many boys still does, the experience of dealing individually with many kinds of people, the continuous effort to do your best to please all the customers, the business knowhow gained from handling money and collecting from the more than often reluctant-to-pay customers and the habit forming knowledge that regardless of the weather or any other circumstances that might arise, the papers must be delivered. There was also a deep feeling of satisfaction in belonging to a group or organization and of being, if only in a small way, independent. I can think of no better early training for a young man than to have the full responsibility of his own paper route. There will be few or no juvenile delinquents in this group of boys, instead, in later years, many of them will be found among the business and civic leaders of their time.

One of my route customers, the proprietor of a rooming house on North Main, had a small monkey which he kept tied to the window ledge on the second floor of the hotel. From this perch the monkey would crawl out the window to the top of the rolled up awning from where he would harrass the people passing below him by throwing things at them or reaching down and grabbing their hats. One day when I delivered the paper, acting on the spur of the moment I gave the monkey a wad of gum that I had been chewing for some time. The monkey proceeded to stretch the gum from hand to hand and then to wrap it generously around his head and shoulders. I soon realized that the monkey was a mess and that the damage was, as far as I was concerned, beyond repair, and the best thing that I could do was to get out of there quick, which was exactly what I did. This was not the last of the incident however. I received a good tongue lashing from the proprietor and a warning from the route manager to refrain from involving myself in such pranks in the future. After several months, I sold the paper

route to my friend Arthur Kopp for the sum of $5.00 but never did I forget the many benefits that I derived from it while being its owner.

Speaking of Arthur Kopp. I recall one incident that happened when three of us were tramping over the countryside, trying out a new .22 rifle that Arthur had recently received. We were on the way back and about a mile from home when Arthur, who was carrying the rifle and using it as a cane with the muzzle resting on his instep as he walked, suddenly discharged the gun. The bullet entered the top of his foot and lodged there. Arthur howled with pain and jumped about on one foot. Finally, between the two of us, we hobbled him home, where upon our arrival there was a lot of excitement and confusion. Arthur's mother sent me to get Dr. Zink who lived only a few blocks away and I was fortunate to find him at home and rode back to the Kopps with him in his buggy. The doctor stretched Arthur on the dining room table and asked each of us to hold his arms and legs while he dug the bullet out of his foot. It was not long before Arthur was running and playing with the rest of us as if nothing had happened to his foot. Several years later Arthur was drowned while swimming with friends at Sapulpa lake.

Irving School

About this time the new Irving School had been completed and put into use. Mr. A. J. Keeling, the Principal, was a tall, thin and, in my opinion, a very strict man. While walking around the playgrounds during recess, he always carried a yardstick with which he could in very short order break up any fights or disturbances that might start. A sharp rap with the flat side of the yardstick on the seat of the pants of the boy who just happened to be on top at the time was more than sufficient to quickly put a stop to the fight.

Not all recess periods were devoted to play, some were used entirely for group exercise with Indian Clubs, wands, dumbbells and other forms of calisthenics. The regular exercise period is one procedure that I believe the present day schools would do well to reinstate, since so many of our young people seem to be physically unfit to meet the stress and strain of the hurried modern day way of life.

Mr. Keeling was replaced as Principal of Irving by Mr. Brown, a very fine gentleman and a friend of mine until his death many years later. Several of the boys in my class at one time decided that they would all play hookey from school and build a much needed baseball diamond on a vacant half block near by. One of the Lind boys borrowed a team and a scraper from his Dad and the rest of us brought picks, shovels and other tools. We all pitched in and before the day was over had a very good ball diamond ready for use. The Truant officer made his appearance shortly after noon, while

we were still working and ordered us to return to school at once, this we refused to do until the ball diamond was finished and the Truant Officer took his departure with no further argument.

The next morning when we returned to school, Mr. Brown called us all into his office where the janitor was already waiting. We truant boys were divided into two groups, one for Mr. Brown and one for the janitor. both of whom then proceeded to give each boy a very thorough whipping with leather straps. We all agreed later that while the whipping did hurt, it was worth it, since we had a game scheduled on the new baseball diamond for the next afternoon.

Soda Jerk

During one summer I worked for Guy Harper, who operated a drug and grocery store, just across the alley from where the Hagler Memorial Church now stands. I delivered groceries, using at times a bicycle, a one horse delivery wagon and on foot. I worked in the store sacking sugar, beans, potatoes and other items; operated the large hand coffee grinding machine that sat on the rear end of one of the store length counters; and helped out behind the soda fountain in the drug store (this I liked best). When I had the chance I could really turn out a heaping sundae, soda or banana split for all of my special friends. The opportunity to do this came rather infrequently as I believe that Mr. Harper was fully aware of these bursts of generosity. Mr. Harper would, once or twice a day, grab a lemon and the bottle of denatured alcohol and retire to the prescription room, there to first fill and then partake of his own favorite prescription. After Guy Harper's death several years later, the Hagler Church acquired the site on which his store was located for the purpose of using it for a new church addition.

While working at Harpers, I became obsessed with the idea of saving premium coupons. The particular type of coupon I was saving was the small metal stars that were pressed into each ten cent plug of Star Chewing Tobacco. Since I did not chew tobacco myself (at least at that time), I had to depend on the help of the customers who did chew to increase my hoard of metal stars. I tried diligently to be the one to wait on each prospective Star Plug customer, always inquiring of them if they were or were not saving the stars and, if not, might I be allowed to keep them. Every wooden box of Star tobacco received at the grocery store contained a coupon equal to 100 stars. As soon as a new box of tobacco would arrive at the store I would pry the lid off and pocket the coupon, having already received permission from Mr. Harper for this otherwise act of thievery. I soon became the store's star salesman of Star chewing tobacco, never letting

a customer get away without first asking if he had purchased his supply of chewing tobacco and by so doing quickly increased my hoard of coupons.

The reason for all my hoarding was pictured in the premium catalogue of the tobacco company. A beautiful, gleaming, single barrel, twelve gauge shotgun. I wasted very little time looking at the other gifts in the catalogue. I knew exactly what it was that I wanted and how to get it. My supply of coupons grew, until one day, after counting and recounting the pile of stars and coupons, I came to the conclusion that I had enough on hand to order the gun. That very same day the package and order were mailed to Chicago.

I waited long and impatiently for the arrival of the shotgun and it was an exciting moment when I finally received and unpacked it. The shotgun was everything I had ever hoped it would be, walnut stock, blued steel barrel, choke bore and, as I was to find out later, with a kick like a mule.

I must say here and now that the folks took a dim view of my ownership of a shotgun and immediately proceeded to lay down the law to me. I was not at any time to take the gun out unless supervised by Dad or some other adult, so it was that, for a long time, my use of the gun was restricted to the times when I was properly supervised.

Many years later I recall tramping over the snow covered fields, southeast of Tulsa, hunting rabbits with this old single barrel over my arm with no success. Finally when a cotton-tail did leap from a brush pile, I took careful aim and pulled the trigger, nothing happened—the firing pin had been lost out of the mechanism. I disgustedly shouldered the gun and made my way home.

Dad managed to acquire a partnership interest in what was then called the B&M Bottling Company. The plant was located on East First Street, near Elgin and it was a small one story frame building with a loading dock along one side thereof. The B. in the name stood for Branham and the M. for Middlecoff. Joe Branham had recently sold his interest in the plant to Middlecoff and started a new bottling firm by the name of Sand Springs Bottling Company, which firm is still in business in Tulsa. The B&M name was not changed when Dad joined the firm, which was just as well since the partnership did not last very long anyway. The equipment was old style and obsolete, using old spring type stoppers in the bottles (the kind you may still get at the drug store when you buy a bottle of citrate of magnesia), instead of the new cap type bottles which were just beginning to come into general use. Dad drove a delivery wagon with a span of small mules and was his own salesman. The soda pop business was, of course, very seasonal and during the winter months there was practically nothing to do insofar as selling soda pop was concerned. During this slack period, the bottling and sale of vinegar was emphasized and many barrels of apple cider would be given a starter or "mother" and allowed to set for

the required amount of time for the cider to turn into vinegar. When the vinegar was properly aged, it would be bottled, labelled and then sold to the grocery stores all over town. I worked at many chores around the plant, washing bottles, labelling, running the old foot power bottling machine and carrying water. All the water used in making the soda pop had to be carried from a well that was located across the street from the plant. You can be assured that I made hundreds of trips to that well during the time I worked for B&M Bottling Company. The B&M partnership was soon dissolved, due not only to the economics involved but also to the inability of the partners to work together in harmony, in which respect I might add that Dad was a man of even temperament, mild manners and patience. Middlecoff later went into bankruptcy after the Sheriff of Tulsa County confiscated a carload of beer which he had ordered shipped from Kansas City and had planned to use in the preparation of a "near beer" drink that he was trying to market.

The Todd Family

The Todd family lived at First and Quanah Streets, originally in a tent that had wooden flooring and sideboards about four-feet high. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Todd there were five boys and one girl in the family at that time. The Todds later moved into a two-story white frame house at the same location where they had their tent home. Mr. Todd was a Missouri farmer but in 1911 was using his two teams and wagons to work on City street and sewer projects and for hauling sand from the Arkansas River for construction jobs. Since I seemed to spend about as much time at the Todds as I did at home, I was included in all the projects that they might have underway which were varied and numerous.

The butter project was one I helped with from time to time. Using a 50-50 mixture of butter and oleomargarine, mixed by Mr. and Mrs. Todd in a large wash tub placed in the center of the kitchen floor, and moulded in round wooden farm butter moulds, they produced a product that the members of the family sold from door to door as "fresh country butter". The butter business was quite good until the City moved in and put a stop to it.

Later Mr. Todd rented a farm across the river where the Ozark-Mahoning Chemical plant now stands. On this farm were raised watermelons, cantaloupes, sweet potatoes, cotton and feed. There were several milk cows, horses and hogs. The family lived in town and drove out to the farm each day to do the work.

In the fall, at cotton picking time, Mr. Todd would load his wagon with neighbor children and drive out to the cotton field to work. The scales

would be set up at one end of the field near the wagon and heavy material picking bags would be passed out to each kid and the cotton picking would get under way. The pay was one cent per pound of cotton picked and on a good day, if I worked hard, I could make about $1.00 but we did have a lot of fun and the work didn't hurt us any.

One day Mr. Todd told the kids, as he was loading us into the wagon, that we were all going to spend the day in the sugar cane field making sorghum. After arriving at the cane patch we pitched in and helped to haul the cane, after we had cut it, to the grinder which was one horse power. The cane was fed into the grinder while an old dappled gray horse walked round and round to furnish the power. The cane juice trickling from the grinder was poured into the cooking vat under which a good fire was already burning and from then on it was a question of stirring, skimming and straining the syrup until it attained the thick, heavy consistency and taste of sorghum. Before the day was over I think that just about every kid out there was sick from eating the raw cane pulp and from sopping bread in the sweet half cooked syrup. This particular batch of sorghum turned out to be unusually good and there were several buckets of it to take home for family use.

Watermelons

During the summer watermelon season the Todds would use two or three wagons from which to sell melons on the streets of Tulsa. Early in the morning we would load each wagon to the limit with the best melons that could be found and each wagon would go to a different part of town to sell. Before night we would all be hoarse from shouting the praises, especially the sweetness of our "Alabama Sweets". We would not return home until the very last melon was sold even though, as we did on some occasions, cut the price to a nickel each to get rid of the last of the load. I ate so many watermelons as a boy which, I suppose, is the reason that I am allergic to them today.

Soda Pop

While we were living in the house at Olympia and Archer Streets, Dad started to work for L. A. Hurst, owner of the Tulsa Bottling Company, which was located a block north of the Katy Railroad on north Denver. Mr. Hurst was a good business man and had already established a thriving soft drink business. Soon thereafter I went to work at the bottling plant during my spare time, cleaning up, washing bottles, delivering and taking care of an old grey mare named Dolly. Later I was instructed in the

operation of the foot power bottling machines of which there were two. The Company also did a very good business selling five-gallon bottles of water which had been electrically pumped, filtered and bottled. The water came from two deep wells on the property and was good tasting and pure. I took care of most of the water deliveries with the help of Dolly and a wagon with about thirty bottle racks. On the longer trips while Dolly slogged along at a notoriously slow pace, I had plenty of time to think, except that now I can't remember what it was that I thought about. I do recall, however, that I hardly ever passed up a banana peddler or an ice cream vendor. A dozen bananas or a quart of ice cream at one sitting was no trick at all for me in those days. But mostly I remember just sitting there, under the shade of the big seat umbrella, flicking flies from Dolly's back with the tip of the buggy whip while trying to keep from falling asleep. The drinking water was sold for twenty-five cents with a $1.00 deposit on each bottle.

One afternoon while delivering some water to a basement pool-hall, located at Third and Main streets, I had an accident, a very embarrassing accident to all parties concerned. The pool-hall was operated by a big, fat, bald headed Greek, who had his desk near the bottom of the stairway entrance. Just as I started down the stairs with a bottle of water on my shoulder, the bottom of the bottle fell out and the entire five gallons of water hit the poor Greek who was sitting at his desk below. Well I had a hard time talking my way out of that one, but since I can't remember any serious repercussions therefrom, I guess that I made it OK.

Another more or less steady job I had at the plant was to mix and deliver drums of carbonic soda water, then so commonly used in all of the soda fountains (this was before the advent of electric carbonators). A steel drum, slightly larger and very similar to the modern beer keg, would be filled three quarters full of water, the carbon dioxide cylinder would be attached by use of a hose and the drum would be placed on a cradle or rocker, to which was attached an upright wooden handle. All I had to do now was to stand there and rock the rocker for about twenty minutes or until the gas and water were thoroughly mixed at proper pressure, at which time it was ready for sale to some soda fountain where it would make a lot of fizz for many root beers and strawberry sodas.

Explosion

One afternoon I was asked to drive to the Frisco freight depot and pick up a load of carbon dioxide cylinders which was badly needed to keep the bottling machines operating. These cylinders were about five inches thick and four feet long, filled and sealed under extremely high pressure,

about 1800 lbs. I believe. On the drive back to the plant, the safety valve on one of the drums blew out, causing a roaring noise and a commotion that sounded like several steam boilers all letting go at once. Dolly, never having been confronted with a situation just like this before, could think of just one thing to do and that was to go home, the fastest, shortest way possible, which was exactly what she did. Me? Well I just hung onto the umbrella pole above the seat with one hand and with the other held onto the reins, trying to keep Dolly from running over the curbs and turning the wagon over. Dolly finally stopped running when she was safe in the barn back of the plant, minus most of her harness and the wagon which she left behind as she entered the barn door. Jumping off the wagon just before Dolly tried to take it inside the barn, I suffered no physical harm whatever. The cylinder was still spewing forth a large, noisy volume of gas and was completely covered with a one half inch coating of frost.

Another accident of the same type occurred when I went to the freight depot to pick up a load of gas cylinders. While the cylinders were being loaded, a workman accidentally knocked one from the dock to the brick pavement about four feet below. The cylinder landed on its head, breaking its safety valve and releasing its gas contents in a loud, long sustained roar of noise. The cylinder immediately started backing itself down the street, similar to the action of a rocket. It crossed the street at Cincinnati and continued on towards Boston where it finally lodged itself against the side of the passenger depot, there to remain until all of its contents were dissipated. Needless to say there was plenty of confusion with people running about and shouting. At the same time two teams broke and ran but no serious damage resulted from the accident.

I enjoyed operating the bottling machines, both of which were old but in good condition. The only automation involved in this bottling process was that supplied by my own arms, hands and legs. Two bottles at a time would be picked up and placed on the machine where first one and then the other would be charged with one ounce of syrup which was piped from the mixing room on the second floor above and controlled by a hand valve at the machine. After each bottle was filled with carbonated water, under pressure, it would be capped by stepping on a foot lever that pressed the cap firmly around the neck of the bottle. This operation would be repeated over and over, case after case, and hour after hour. There was plenty of time for day dreaming since, after a while, every movement became so automatic that it could be done in your sleep, which I think was exactly what did happen many days before 6 p.m. arrived.

Many new bottles, when received, contained flaws in the glass that were not apparent until the first time the bottles were filled under pressure, at which time they would usually explode and bits and pieces of glass would

fly in every direction. To protect the hands and face from the flying glass, we used a small, fine mesh, metal face mask and leather cuffs that reached from the wrists to the elbows. While these devices afforded good protection for the face and forearms, there was no protection for the hands and other parts of the body.

First Truck

Dad was informed that he would have to learn to drive a truck since Mr. Hurst had purchased a 1913 Model Ford and it would be used to make deliveries instead of the team and wagon. Dad was very antagonistic to this idea, stoutly contending that he could deliver more soda pop any day with his team and wagon than he could with that silly looking contraption. The argument was settled by keeping the team and using both it and the truck for making deliveries. It was a good thing that they did keep the team for the truck was out of commission about half of the time and very hard to start at any time, especially on cold winter mornings when boiling water would have to be poured over the intake manifold and a rear wheel jacked up to make it possible to turn the engine over at all. Dad finally learned to drive the truck in spite of the fact that he said all along that he never would. I am sure he would have been the first to admit that his driving left much to be desired. He often said that the best way to stop the thing was to turn your foot sideways and press hard on all three pedals. The old truck used a hand crank for starting, had carbide lights and a primer cup on the top of each cylinder head which had to squirted full of gasoline before trying to start the engine each morning.

I worked one week end for the Ringling Brothers Circus which was then in town, bottling soda water for them. I was fascinated and glad to get a chance to use the bright new equipment which was all housed in a large red circus wagon and comprised a complete, up to date plant. In making their soda pop, the circus used water from the Arkansas River and saccharine instead of sugar with the result that after a few moments to settle, each bottle would have a heavy layer of muddy sediment in the bottom. I bottled a lot of pop that week end but I certainly didn't drink any of it.

Mr. Hurst acquired the quarter block on North Denver where his plant was located and sowed wheat on the ground not actually occupied by the plant building. By the end of the summer the wheat was really beautiful, thick as hair on a dog's back with large plump kernels and ready to harvest. Shortly thereafter Mr. Hurst returned from town with a new scythe, the use of which he demonstrated to me by making a few sweeps with it on some weeds out behind the barn. It soon became evident that I was the one elected to cut the wheat. The harvesting of the wheat crop was finally

completed after acquiring several blisters and many sore muscles. The wheat was stored in the barn loft from where it would be doled out later as feed for the horses.

Several years later Mr. Hurst sold the Tulsa Bottling Company and entered the real estate business, building several apartment houses on the site of the bottling plant.

Tulsa Oil Co.

Dad took a job with the Tulsa Refined Oil Company which had a plant at the Katy tracks and Detroit Street, very near the first house in which we lived when we first moved to Tulsa. Mr. Jenkins was the owner of the Company and sold gasoline, lube oils, grease and floor sweep. Since they did not have a tank wagon or truck, Dad made deliveries with a team and stake bed wagon, using 50-gallon oil drums and ten-gallon milk cans to deliver gasoline. There were no service stations as we know them today, only garages with curb pumps where gasoline would be cranked out to customers a gallon at a time. The gasoline was of the straight-run variety and very low octane, in fact much of the gasoline then sold was a blend of kerosene and drip gasoline. No wonder it was so hard to start the old cars and keep them running on that kind of fuel.

I talked Mr. Jenkins into giving me a part-time job and was put to work making floor sweep. To do this I hauled sand from the river sand bars and sawdust from a sawmill. These ingredients, together with some low grade lube oil and a red pine scented coloring agent were mixed with a hoe, as you would cement, in a trough and then packed in 50 lb. cans, ready for sale. Many of the store buildings had wooden pine floors and by using the floor sweep, the amount of dust was reduced and the sweeping made easier. The oil soaked pine flooring created a very bad fire hazard but this in itself did not seem to reduce the demand for the product. The profits involved in operation floor sweep were considerable and business was good throughout the entire year.

Family Life

The home life of our family during these early days was, I suppose, no better or no worse than that of the average low income family with five children. The discipline imposed upon us by our parents was both strict and continuous with each infraction of the rules calling for a reprimand and a lecture on the difference between right and wrong. We were told that you could instinctively tell the difference between right and wrong by heeding the small voice of your conscience. The hard times that we ex-

perienced were, it now seems to me, far more numerous than the good times. To support a family of seven on an income that seldom averaged more than two dollars a day, was in itself a noteworthy accomplishment, even with the price of food, clothing and rent as low as they were at that time. Our regular diet was heavy on beans, corn meal mush, sorghum or cane syrup and fresh garden vegetables in season. On special occasions there would be bacon, eggs, round steak or liver. We could hardly wait until the day that Mother would bake home made bread, including a delicious coffee cake. A big slice of fresh, hot bread spread with butter and sprinkled with brown sugar was a treat that we all looked forward to. Dad would bake hot biscuits for breakfast, cutting them from the dough with the lid from a baking powder can and serving them with fresh pork side meat or slab bacon and gravy and always with plenty of hot oatmeal with milk.

There occurred in our family many amusing incidents, as of course would be the case in any large family. One of these I remember as the gold tooth incident. I had made a four-wheel coaster wagon on which I was pushing Ted down the sidewalk in front of the house. The coaster started going faster and faster and was soon out of control with the result that it turned over, dumping Ted onto the sidewalk, bruising his face and breaking off a front tooth. My parents reasoned that since the accident was my fault, at least indirectly, I should pay the dentist to repair the damage. This I did, taking Ted to Dr. Wilson on East Second street where he was fitted with a shining new gold tooth. Ted's gold tooth was the envy of all his friends whenever he displayed it which, under the circumstances, was quite often.

Then there was the time Lois returned from school and Mother noticed her constantly scratching her head. Upon closer examination it was discovered that her head was covered with lice. It seems that while at school, Lois could not resist the temptation to try on a bright colored stocking cap belonging to a little Mexican girl and as a result acquired the infestation of lice. Mother lost no time going into action with plenty of soap and water and some foul smelling oil and soon thereafter had the upper hand in the battle being waged.

Selling Papers

One incident, while in no way amusing, may still be remembered by Perry. He was still a little shaver, wearing an ankle length dress or apron and had wandered away to where a group of boys had a small fire burning. After the older boys left, Perry remained and while playing with the fire, accidentally ignited his dress which blazed up immediately. His screaming

attracted the attention of a neighbor lady, Mrs. Fite, who quickly grabbed Perry and wrapped her skirt about him, smothering the flames.

Perry and Jim being near the same age usually teamed up to turn out their own peculiar brand of sadistic mischief, directed not always against me but at times against each other. I can't recall that their horse-play ever resulted in any serious damage to anyone but upon occasion it could be annoying. Later when they were older they both sold the evening newspaper from locations near First and Main Streets. For Perry, selling newspapers was a natural since he liked people and had a healthy pair of lungs. He soon became one of Sam Miller's best newsboys (Sam was Perry's boss). Perry was usually the first to dispose of his stack of papers and would, on many occasions, help his less fortunate buddies dispose of theirs. Jim, on the other hand, did not take to selling newspapers with any great degree of aptitude, being rather shy and not wanting to scream out the headlines as Perry did. One day Sam Miller called Mother and asked her to send Perry down town as there was to be an extra out within the hour and he was needed. Mother explained that both Perry and Jim were at home and that she would send both of them down town immediately. Sam asked Mother to send Perry but to forget about sending the little one because he wasn't worth a damn. Jim's talents, of which he has many, did not include a flair for selling newspapers.

A twelve-year-old Tennessee mountain boy won a National Award for his definition of a better home: "A better home is one that my Father is proud to support; one my Mother loves to keep; one our friends like to come to. It is a place to grow old in."

Our groceryman, in addition to being a very nice man, had a wonderful policy of giving a bag of candy to us each week when we paid the grocery bill. The reason, no doubt, that each Saturday we kids applied pressure to be sure that the groceryman's bill was the first of many bills to be paid.

Children Work

Each of us children, as soon as we were old enough, worked at outside jobs, turning over to Mother a portion of our earnings to help on family and school expenses. To Lois fell most of the work of household chores and the care of Perry and Jim until they were older. We all took turns at washing and drying the dishes, using of course, every trick that we could think of to skip our turn. All of this we accepted as our way of life, finding nothing unusual about it and by so doing gained a knowledge of helpfulness, enterprise and humility that would serve us well in the years ahead.

Mother and Dad both held deep religious convictions, being life-long

members of the Methodist Church, and tried their very best to transfer these convictions to the minds of their children. As to how well they succeeded, only time will tell. Since there was no Methodist Church near our home and there was a Baptist Church close by, we attended the Baptist Church for several years. When the new church first opened, the Baptists held several old time revivals, primarily to save souls but in the process gaining many new members who were badly needed. At one such revival meeting, I remember a stirring, heart rending appeal from the minister, calling on the listeners to forsake their life of sin, to give up gambling, drinking and other forms of vice, with which at that time I was not too well acquainted, and surrender their lives to Jesus. The organist and the choir would lead softly into the "Invitational" and individual members would circulate among the audience, pleading with them to come forward and accept Christ. First one or two, then several and then many would be making their way to the altar. It was literally impossible for me, as it was with others of my friends, not to heed these soul-stirring pleas to be saved. In fact one friend had the distinction of being saved every night the revival was held, in spite of the disapproving glance of the Minister when he found the same boy in front of him for the fifth time.

Church Life

I attended most of the Church socials, dinners, picnics and other get-togethers, and many times found myself cranking a freezer of ice cream. It seemed to take a long time, a lot of effort, ice and salt before the ice cream was frozen hard enough to remove the paddle, after which I would get to lick the paddle and then repack the freezer with fresh ice and salt and cover with layers of newspapers until it was ready to serve.

For a year I looked forward to my twelfth birthday, at which time I would be eligible to joint the Boy Scouts. Just two years previously the Boy Scouts of America had been organized. In 1908, Sir S. S. Baden-Powell of the British Army, incorporating ideas of his own with those of Earnest Thompson Seton and Dan Beard, had formed the organization in England.

Boy Scouts

I joined the Scout troop sponsored by the First Christian Church, then located at Fourth and Boulder Streets, where the Beacon Building now stands. Mr. F. E. Bossard and Mr. C. E. Buechner (both recently deceased) were the Scoutmasters then and for the next forty years faithfully served the youth of Tulsa. I liked Scout work in all of its phases but particularly enjoyed the numerous camping trips that were made to the hills and

streams around Tulsa. Few of the boys in our troop had complete uniforms but all of us had at least a part of the uniform, a hat, trousers or a jacket. The uniform and pieces of equipment were acquired by many of the boys if, as, and when they could earn the money to buy them. Our campouts were of the do-it-yourself variety, usually in Osage County, just north of Tulsa. We would hike to the camp site, carrying our grub, blankets and pup tents, as well as anything else that we might take along. There was no prearranged camp site, we made our own. No frozen foods or prepared dinners, no sleeping bags or foam rubber mattresses. Upon arrival at the camp the boys would first set up the tents and stow their gear, after which all would engage in a water frolic to remove some of the dirt and sweat of the hike. Food would be distributed and prepared, by which time everyone would have an enormous appetite. Each boy carried one half of a pup tent which, when erected, became the home of a two-boy team. These two boys would cook, eat and sleep together and were responsible for the appearance of their tent.

Camping

On one camping trip, a friend and neighbor, Dale Louder, was carrying as his part of the food supply, a gallon bucket of Karo syrup which was destined to be the crowning glory for our morning pancakes. Suddenly the handle of the pail came loose, the pail hit the ground and the lid flew off, spilling half of the precious syrup. As a result, each boy's ration was reduced but was made up to the extent possible by extra rations of butter and jam.

One trip we were plagued by intermittent rain showers from the time we started until the following morning. Our entire camp was soaked, including most of the food. Early that morning, Mr. Bossard offered as a prize, a jar of strawberry jam to the first team of Scouts to get a fire going. My partner and I were awarded the jar of jam for getting the first fire started, which we did by obtaining dry wood from the inside of an old rotten log to use as a starter.

The people of America will never know just how much good the Boy Scouts have done and are still doing for its youth but I feel sure that it must be enormous. A greater interest in Scouting could, I believe, remove many rebellious, idle and frustrated boys from the streets and prepare them for a useful and productive life in the society of the future.

I think that our family had practically all of the childhood diseases at one time or another, including whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox, measles and smallpox. I can't remember that we ever had diphtheria or scarlet fever. During a smallpox epidemic so many of the children were

afflicted that school was not closed, as many of the cases were mild, the attendance was not much below normal. About the only discomfort that I can remember from having the disease was a considerable amount of itching for several days. One of the boys even poured sand in his shoes to relieve the itching on the bottom of his feet.

Odd Jobs

The Tulsa Country Club, just across the Osage County line north of Tulsa, had a nine-hole golf course and an inadequate club house. The golf course was about a mile from home and was a constant source of ready cash whenever I had the time to caddy. The pay was twenty-five cents per round plus an occasional tip for a job well done or perhaps when the golfer had been nipping too frequently. The entire club property was then leased from the Dr. S. G. Kennedy family who lived in a large pretentious home nearby. The land was acquired by the Kennedys as a part of their Osage tribal allotment, since Mrs. Kennedy was part Osage. Jim Kennedy, one of the sons, was later Oklahoma Amateur Golf Champion and built the Kennedy Golf Course just west of the Tulsa Country Club. Among the early day members of the Club for whom I caddied were Ralph Moore, Roger Kemp, F. S. (Fiddle) Henry, Josh Cosden, A. Campbell, Jim Kennedy, A. Y. Boswell, C. F. Roeser and E. W. Sinclair.

Several years later the old club house burned to the ground. The rumor was that some of the members set fire to the place in order that construction could get under way for a new club house, much larger, more modern and to which subsequently other additions were added. This building serves the membership to the present time.

At various times during vacations and on week ends I worked for the Postal Telegraph Company and for the Haynes Messenger Service. At Postal I was supplied with a neat blue uniform and a cap, both of which I was very proud, since this uniform included my first pair of long pants. The long pants gave me a feeling of having grown up, a feeling I never had while wearing the tight knee pants or the baggy knickers which I wore to school. My pay was a dime for each message delivered, regardless of whether the delivery was for a short or a long distance. I liked to get a large bundle of telegrams all going to offices in the same building but would usually find at least one to be delivered far out in the country, near 15th and Peoria. As there were no sidewalks or paving on south Peoria, riding a bicycle through the deep sand on that street was no easy task.

The job at Haynes offered far more variety and excitement than did the one at Postal. I answered calls to pick up and deliver articles of

every imaginable description. On the handle bars of my bicycle and in a large canvas shoulder-bag, I delivered 100-lb. cakes of ice, five-gallon bottles of water, suitcases, live animals, cases of soda pop, groceries, laundry, beer, whiskey and, on one occasion, a package that contained, unknown to me, a quantity of cocaine. I picked up this package at the Owl Drug Store, located at North Main and the Frisco tracks. Before I had gone a block with it, a detective stopped me and asked for the package which I gave to him at once. Later the police arrested the owner of the drug store for illegally selling narcotics. There never seemed to be a dull moment on this job, hardly a day went by that did not offer some unusual or exciting occurrence. The Haynes office was first located on the ground floor of the Reeder Building, later the Bliss Hotel, at Second and Boston Streets. On the south side of our office was Bishops Restaurant or Waffle House as it was then known, and on the north side was Ike's Chili Parlour. These locations were the first in Tulsa for these two, long-time, well liked and still operating eating places. On one of the upper floors of the Reeder Building, Ike Wilkerson (no relation to Ike's Chili) the Federal Marshal had his offices. I became acquainted with Ike Wilkerson and admired and liked him very much, especially after he let me help him pour down the sink in his office several cases of confiscated whiskey. Several years later Ike Wilkerson was shot and killed when he stopped a car east of Tulsa to question three men suspected of robbing a bank in Missouri. At one time when working for Haynes I rode an old Indian motorcycle which had two wheels and a bed in front for carrying parcels, furniture, etc., too heavy to be carried by a boy on a bicycle. One day while riding this thing, I hit a man who was crossing East First Street. The bed on the motorcycle was about knee high and when I hit him I just scooped him up on the bed, doing no damage to him, other than to make him very mad. After cussing me out with the vigor of a mule skinner, he went on his way and I heard no more about the incident.

The Seamier Side

Working as a messenger boy was responsible, among other things, for my introduction to the seamier side of life in Tulsa. I knew the location of many of the joints that sold moonshine whiskey and choc-beer, the druggists who would sell "jake" (jamaica ginger) to the habituals, as well as the location of several big time gambling establishments. The "Grand" was located upstairs, over what is now Harrington's Clothing Store. It was a plush establishment, catering more to the well to do, influential people and the table stakes, I was told, were very high. I made deliveries of liquor from this place to hotel rooms and residences, usually being admonished to ride carefully and not to jingle the bottles.

The "Metropolitan" was located on the northeast corner of Second and Boulder Streets. Here, behind steel entrance doors, were located practically every known type of gambling device. At the rear of the big game room on the second floor was one half of an old oil field steam boiler, standing on end, with a gun slot at the proper height for the guard with a shotgun who stood behind it while gambling was going on. Just next door, east of the Metropolitan, was the Central Fire Station with several ladder trucks. The police raided the Metropolitan periodically but by the time they could break through the heavy steel doors many of the customers and employees would have made their escape through windows and other doorways. In fact it was rumored that the ladders of the fire department were a big help in speeding up the exodus when the place was being raided.

The Haynes Messenger Service moved its offices from the Reeder building to a five-room house between Boulder and Cheyenne on West Second Street and next door to the old Fire Department and Police Station location. This old fire station was in use just prior to the time it was moved to the new Central Station, one block east. The old Station had no motorized equipment, depending entirely on horse-drawn vehicles to get the equipment to a fire. The horses then used were large, gentle greys and upon hearing the first alarm bell would become very excited, neighing and prancing in their stalls until they were released to make their own way to the wagon tongue. The harness would be dropped on the back of each horse from rigging above and with every fireman working like mad the fire wagon would soon be ready to roll. As soon as the fire wagon left the station entrance, the constant clanging of the bell would begin and the horses would literally run their hearts out to get to the fire as soon as they possibly could. Since I was working just next door to the fire station, I spent a lot of idle time between calls watching the firemen go through their drills and at times helped to shine the brass work and to brush and curry the horses. I was even allowed to slide down the brass pole several times but never succeeded in getting to ride the fire wagon on a real fire run, although I tried often enough. It was with real regret that I heard a short time later that these wonderful horses were to be replaced with motorized equipment, bright red trucks that sputtered and coughed while getting started and a brilliant red "Stutz Bearcat", long, low and sporty for Fire Chief Alder. The Chief's car was the talk of the town and, without question, was the fastest and best looking automobile to be seen on the streets of Tulsa. Chief Alder really enjoyed the attention his car attracted and took advantage of every opportunity to open the exhaust and the throttle and let her rip.

The police station and jail, located just to the rear of the fire station, was to me another source of excitement and dramatic happenings practi-

cally every day. I usually knew who had been arrested and for what, even before the newspapers picked up the news. The paddy wagon disgorging its load of drunks and other offenders was always something to watch and wonder about, as were the occasional prisoners brought in under armed guard, wearing handcuffs and at times leg chains. Looking back I can truthfully say that I enjoyed the excitement and the variety of the events that occurred while I was employed just next door to the old fire and police stations on West Second Street. A short time later both the fire and the police stations were moved to new, more spacious, modern quarters and the old site was cleared to make way for the construction of a new business building.

When we lived on North Olympia Street, the Baird family were our next door neighbors to the south. Mr. and Mrs. Baird, three daughters and one son named Sam, had recently moved to Tulsa from Kentucky. Their slow southern drawl was very pronounced and left small doubt as to what part of the country they were from. Sam Baird was about Ted's age and at times could be just about as ornery.

One evening I had been invited to a party and had just finished decking myself out in my Sunday best. As I stepped forth from the front door, I was instantly slammed with a barrage of dirty snowballs, coming from two directions at the same time. I concentrated on trying to catch Sam; Ted ran in the opposite direction. Ted and Sam had been waiting for me to leave the house, each with a big pile of snowballs with which to greet me. It wouldn't have been quite so bad had the snowballs been nice clean snowballs but they were not. I finally caught Sam near the banks of the Arkansas river, about two miles from home and after rubbing his face in the snow we sat on a log and shared a licorice stick with each other.

Narrow Escape

At one time I recall spending a night with Sam, sleeping in a lean-to structure that had been added to the rear of their house. The next morning Sam and I were awake before the rest of the family and we started talking about guns. To explain a point he was trying to make, Sam hopped out of bed and got his father's shotgun, so that he could show me exactly what it was he was talking about. Well, the gun happened to be loaded and, when it accidentally discharged, blew a hole through the tar paper roof of the lean-to and at the same time kicked Sam a hard jolt in the stomach. We were both thankful that the damage done was not more serious and that Mr. Baird's lecture was no longer than it was.

After working at the golf course one day and ready to start home, I reached down to pick up a stick when a sharp stabbing pain went through my finger and up my arm. I thought I had been bitten by a snake but

soon discovered I had been stung by a scorpion. First I stepped on the scorpion and then headed for home as fast as I could go, holding the finger tight and at times almost crying out loud with the pain. When I arrived home there was no one there, but Mrs. Baird was in her back yard and as soon as I told her what had happened she took me in the house and quickly made a poultice of soap scrappings and sugar which she bound tightly around my finger. I don't know if it was the healing effect of the poultice or not but in a short time the finger began to feel better and in a day or so had completely healed. I will always remember Mrs. Baird for her kindness and quick thinking when I needed a friend in a hurry.

The Allen family lived on Maybelle Street, close to Archer, in a rather large white house. On the back of the lot there was a big barn which had a spacious hayloft. Mr. Allen owned and operated the R. R. Allen Produce Company, selling eggs and dressed poultry and the place of business was just east of Main Street on Brady. Lawrence, the older son, was about my own age and together we set up a shop in his barn to repair bicycles and roller skates. This shop was also an ideal place to conduct many elementary experiments in chemistry and electricity. On one occasion, a mixture of chemicals, the names of which I cannot now remember, were poured on a blotter to dry and a day later, when the blotter was picked up, the whole mess exploded. We made liquid chemical batteries, using a sulphuric acid solution, in mason jars with strips of lead and zinc for the poles. The electrical output from these batteries would operate bells, buzzers and handmade telegraph or radio equipment. A small handmade wavelength coil made from an old oatmeal box wrapped with heavy wire, a telegraph key, an old Ford spark coil, an adjustable spark gap, connected between the antenna and a ground connection, comprised a crude and simple but noisy transmitter. The small crystal receiver was even more simple to make, that is if you could find a silicon crystal and a set of ear phones. I must say that all of the tinkering we did with this crude equipment produced results that were somewhat less than successful but at least it gave us something to do, and kept us out of more harmful forms of mischief.

Earlier, Lawrence and I had made what might be called an early (very early) model telephone line. Two tin cans, open on one end with small holes punched in the other end through which was threaded a well resined string. When the string was pulled taught, a fairly clear transmission of the voice could be had over it for up to two or three hundred feet. We were not alone in using this simple device, as many of the neighborhood kids were successful in getting many hours of fun out of this little contraption.

On Hallowe'en night, Lawrence and I decided to have some fun with the local kids when they came, as they did every year, to dump over the Allen privy. We rigged a large alarm bell (borrowed from Allen Produce)

to the rear of the barn, wrapped some explosive powder in paper and tied a string to a hammer handle to detonate it, after which we hid in the barn and waited for the opportunity to set this Rube Goldberg contraption into motion. The chance was not long in coming as four or five boys started down our alley, turning over privies as they came, until they all put their shoulders to the Allen-Outhouse. Just then Lawrence closed the switch that started the bell clanging and I pulled the string that exploded the powder with a roar and a boom. The consequent din could be heard clear to Main Street. It was no wonder that the boys at first stood perfectly still, as if in shock, and then, regaining their senses, took to their heels as if the Devil himself was after them. We had no more trouble from those boys.

A Pony!

Lawrence asked me to help in a campaign to win a prize being offered by a local bread company. The prize was a beautiful brown Shetland pony, a complete set of harness and a small, brightly painted buggy, to be given to the person turning in the greatest number of bread wrappers by a certain date. We both worked hard collecting the bread wrappers, canvassing the entire neighborhood, making house to house calls with the final result that Lawrence won the Shetland pony, harness and buggy. The pony was turned loose in the fenced back yard and had a warm dry stall in the barn. There wasn't a kid in the entire neighborhood who, if he wanted to, did not get his chance to drive the pony around the block. Lawrence in later years became a successful osteopathic physician in Kansas City, Missouri.

The year is 1914 and in September I will enter High School, a year or two behind schedule it is true, but glad to be entering just the same. The old yellow brick High School building, then standing in the very center of the block now occupied by the Philtower, Atlas, Tulsa Club, City Hall and other buildings was at that time the only High School in Tulsa. There is, understandingly, many nostalgic memories of friends and the old school itself that seem to keep pushing their way to the front to be recognized, after half a century has elapsed since their occurrence.

But there must be a stopping place somewhere for the foregoing conglomeration of juvenile mental meanderings and I know of no better place than here and no better time than now, to call a halt.

Charley Chan once said, "Better to be thought stupid, than to speak and leave no doubt" and methinks that I have been doing an awful lot of speaking.

Carl L. Miller
1965